HIGHWAY TO HELL

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PROPERTY OF:

HIGH STREET PICTURES
940 North Orange Drive
Hollywood, CA 90038

FADE IN:

1 EXT. STREET CORNER - POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA - DAY 1

A suburb of San Diego. The sun is about to set into the bay b.g. A 1973 TOYOTA COROLLA sits idling at the corner. It is a tribute to just how far bondo and baling wire can take an automobile. Strapped to the roof is a triangular sign advertising Nunzio's Pizzeria.

The car is only a year younger than its owner, seventeen year old CHARLIE SYKES. Charlie sits in the driver's seat staring intently into his side mirror, watching for something or someone. He's wearing his high school football JACKET and a San Diego Chargers baseball CAP.

Sitting in the back seat is MR. BEN, the biggest, dumbest, loyalist, mongrolist dog in all California. He is Charlie's sworn and boon companion and is watching the side mirror as intently as Charlie is.

ANGLE ON SIDE MIRROR

A single family home. A For Sale SIGN posted out front. A side door opens and out steps RACHEL CLARK, 17, the most beautiful navy brat you ever saw. She's walking directly toward us with purpose, carrying a VIOLIN CASE in one hand and a small duffle bag in the other. She's wearing jeans and a sweat shirt with a picture of the U.S.S. Ticonderoga. Her brown hair is short and playfully spiked.

Charlie turns to get a better look. So does Mr. Ben. Rachel crosses the street and crouches down by the driver's side window.

CHARLIE
Well?

RACHEL
The old man won't budge an inch. He says we're leaving for England in three days even if the Russians attack. I hope they do.

There's a pause as Charlie weighs the importance of this information.

CHARLIE
Ready to implement plan B?

RACHEL
(deep breath)
Ready. I think.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
You think?

Rachel ignores this and points at Mr. Ben.

RACHEL
We're dropping him home first though, right?

CHARLIE
Mr. Ben? The open road is his home. Where we go, so goeth he.

RACHEL
Charlie...

CHARLIE
Come on, Rachel. Your parents'll be here any minute.

Rachel sighs, walks around and gets into the car. Charlie pulls away from the curb. At that moment, the sun dips down below the horizon. The sky is blood red.

CHARLIE
Las Vegas here we come.

RACHEL
It's so romantic I can't stand it.

The Toyota's lone working headlight switches on. At the same time so does the Nunzio's Pizzeria sign. The car whips around the corner nearly forcing another CAR off the road. Hold on the angry DRIVER as the Toyota disappears.

DRIVER
Drive like Hell! You'll get there!

2 EXT. FREEWAYS - DAY/NIGHT 2

OPENING CREDITS superimposed over various shots of the Toyota turning onto and off of several different freeways. The Nunzio's sign makes it easy to spot. At some point they pass a sign which reads, Las Vegas - 300 miles.

3 EXT. CALIFORNIA INTERSTATE 15 - BARSTOW - NIGHT 3

The gateway to the Mojave Desert. The Toyota is cruising right along passing a SIGN which reads, Las Vegas - 155 miles. They've been on the road for awhile.

4 INT. TOYOTA - INTERSTATE 15 - NIGHT 4

Charlie stifles back a yawn and keeps his eyes on the road while Rachel TUNES her violin. Mr. Ben is curled up in the back, his head wedged between the bucket seats. Charlie watches a car pass by.

CHARLIE
Pennsylvania.

Rachel picks up a notepad and jots this info down. It's the license plate game. Rachel resumes tuning her violin.

CHARLIE
So am I winning?

RACHEL
Oh I guess, Charlie. It's 17 to 3.

Charlie smiles, satisfied.

RACHEL
My Dad says that the first violinist of the London Symphony lives right near the base where he's going to be stationed. He says she takes students.

CHARLIE
I can't believe he thinks that's enough to make you leave me. It's a bribe. That's all.

RACHEL
No, he just knows what a great opportunity England would be. For him and me.

CHARLIE
That's what my Dad used to say, too. There was always something better at the next base. Turned out it was just a new school to get used to... You still want to go through with this, right?

RACHEL
Yeah, of course... But England would only be a year and --

CHARLIE
That's a long time, Rachel. I'm not taking any chances. The guys speak with accents over there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
(smiles)
You're sure we know what we're doing?

CHARLIE
We'll live with my Mom till we graduate. Then I'll open my own pizzeria. It can't miss.
(watches car go past)
Wyoming.
(resumes)
I'll make the food while you serenade the customers. Right?

RACHEL
Right. And I'll start off with this.

Rachel closes her eyes and begins to play the opening to Vivaldi's 'Four Seasons'. Flawlessly. Mr. Ben begins to HOWL along. Not because he doesn't like it, but because he loves it. Charlie gets into the act, too. He joins the dog in a howling duet. Rachel smiles and keeps on playing.

5 EXT. DENNY'S - INTERSTATE 15 - NIGHT 5

It's a last chance watering hole before the bulk of the Mojave starts to wear you down. The Toyota is parked outside. Among several other cars, there is also a California Highway Patrol MOTORCYCLE.

6 INT. DENNY'S - NIGHT 6

Charlie and Rachel are sitting in a booth eating burgers. A CHIPs MOTORCYCLE COP stands a few feet behind them playing a VIDEO GAME; cars on the screen race while avoiding obstacle and each other. Several of them explode.

BOOTH

Charlie glances nervously toward the Cop as he and Rachel eat. Rachel wears a CHARM BRACELET. The charms are all miniature NAVAL SHIPS.

RACHEL
How much longer do you figure?

CHARLIE
Huh? Oh, about two hours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
(yawns)
I'm beat. How about you?

Charlie isn't listening, his attention focused on the Cop.

RACHEL
Charlie?

CHARLIE
Huh?

RACHEL
What's wrong?

Charlie leans forward, makes a slight nod toward the cop.

CHARLIE
(low)
I think he's watching us.

RACHEL
(looks over)
You're crazy. Why would he watch us?

CHARLIE
He must know we're going to Vegas to get married.

RACHEL
And how would he know that?

A pause. Charlie thinks about it and seems to relax.

CHARLIE
You're right. I'm being paranoid. We're the only ones who know. And we sure haven't told anyone.

An uncomfortable look comes over Rachel. She glances at the Cop and back at Charlie.

RACHEL
(sheepish)
Well, I did leave my Mom a note.

CHARLIE
(screaming whisper)
You what?

RACHEL
I didn't want her to worry.

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
Come on. We gotta get outta here.

Charlie stands and pulls some crumpled BILLS out of his pocket. He puts them on the table. They start out. As an afterthought Charlie steps back and grabs the rest of his burger. He and Rachel head out as low-key as possible.

7 EXT. DENNY'S - NIGHT 7

Mr. Ben hangs his head out the window, watching as Charlie and Rachel approach the Toyota. Charlie hands him the rest of the burger. Mr. Ben swallows it in one gulp.

CHARLIE
Sorry, Mr. Ben. We didn't have time to get you your own.

Mr. Ben doesn't seem to mind. Charlie and Rachel get into the car and begin to drive across the parking lot.

8 INT. TOYOTA - DENNY'S - NIGHT 8

Charlie steers across the parking lot toward the I-15 onramp. As he passes the Denny's entrance we see that the Motorcycle Cop is also leaving, heading toward his bike. He doesn't seem to notice the Toyota.

CHARLIE
Oh no.

RACHEL
Don't worry.

9 EXT. INTERSTATE 15 - NIGHT 9

The Toyota travels down the right hand lane with the Motorcycle Cop following about one hundred feet behind.

10 INT. TOYOTA - INTERSTATE 15 - NIGHT 10

Charlie stares into the rear view mirror.

CHARLIE
Don't worry, huh? Good advice, Rachel.

RACHEL
It's just a coincidence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
(looks up ahead)
I'm going to find out right now.

11 EXT. INTERSTATE 15 - NIGHT 11

Charlie turns off at an exit marked Black Canyon Road. The Motorcycle continues straight down I-15, never even glancing at the Toyota.

12 EXT. BLACK CANYON ROAD - NIGHT 12

A very dark, deserted, aging two lane highway. The Toyota comes down the off ramp watching for the Motorcycle Cop.

13 INT. TOYOTA - BLACK CANYON ROAD - NIGHT 13

When Charlie sees that no one is following, he stops the car.

RACHEL
Are you satisfied?

CHARLIE
(embarrassed)
Yeah.

RACHEL
Can we get back on the highway now?

CHARLIE
Wait a minute.

Charlie digs around and pulls out a MAP. He unfolds and studies it for a moment.

CHARLIE
This is part of the old road to Las Vegas.

RACHEL
Are you sure?

CHARLIE
Positive. It might take a little longer, but we probably won't run into any more cops.

Rachel thinks a moment and shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
Aye aye, you're the navigator. Just remember, there won't be any license plates either.

CHARLIE
You'll still be here. That's all I care about.

Charlie and Rachel look at each other, sharing a moment. He leans across and kisses her. She kisses him back. Charlie turns off the ignition. Their kisses grow more passionate. Mr. Ben watches curiously.

RACHEL
You're cute.

CHARLIE
You're beautiful.

The next kiss lasts forever. Their hands start to map out each other's topography. But just when things start to become more urgent, Rachel pulls away. It isn't easy.

RACHEL
We better get going. There's a long way to go yet.

CHARLIE
Not as far as you think.

Charlie tries to move in, but Rachel holds him off.

RACHEL
I want to do this as bad as you, Charlie, but I just can't do it here. It doesn't feel right.

Charlie eases off and smiles. He's not going to force it.

CHARLIE
Okay. We'll wait till we're someplace that doesn't smell like pepperonis.

Rachel kisses Charlie on the cheek as he turns the ignition. The motor GRINDS but doesn't turn over. He tries again. Still no good. Charlie looks at Rachel apologetically. This has obviously happened before.

RACHEL
(no big deal)
Pop the hood.

CONTINUED:

Charlie pops it. Rachel gets out of the car and lifts the hood. She looks at the engine for a moment and then starts tinkering.

RACHEL
Try it.

The engine grinds and then catches, ROARING to life. Rachel shuts the hood and gets back inside.

CHARLIE
If things don't work out with the symphony, you'll always have a job waiting at Goodyear's.

RACHEL
My Dad never got a son. He had to teach someone about cars and engines.

Charlie shifts into gear and the Toyota starts down the road, its single headlight cutting through the gloom.

14 EXT. BLACK CANYON ROAD - MOJAVE DESERT - NIGHT 14

We're deep into the desert as the Toyota chugs up a long hill. A light is glowing from behind the crest. There must be some vestige of civilization up ahead.

15 INT. TOYOTA - BLACK CANYON ROAD - NIGHT 15

Charlie YAWNS followed immediately by Rachel, who's followed immediately by Mr. Ben. It's the Kingston Trio. The Toyota crests the hill and starts down. Charlie and Rachel spot something down below.

WHAT THEY SEE:

Maybe the world's oldest gas station complete with antique glass bubble pumps. There are several rusted corrugated steel buildings in back. The lights are on. It's open! A FIGURE sits between the pumps in a rocking chair.

CHARLIE AND RACHEL

Look at each other, a little surprised. Charlie drives toward the station.

16 EXT. LAST CHANCE TEXACO - MOJAVE DESERT - NIGHT 16

You wouldn't expect a place like this to even be here much less for it to be open, but here it is. Some of the buildings are advertised as a motel. There is also a ramshackle HOUSE and an old tool SHED.

The figure sitting by the pumps is SAM PUTNAM, 80, a dustbowl Okie. He looks like a wiry old desert rat. His face is deeply tanned and creased with heavy wrinkles.

The Toyota pulls up. Charlie looks across at Sam for a moment. The only thing about him that doesn't seem ancient are his pale blue eyes.

SAM
What'll it be, Cap'n?

CHARLIE
Fill her up, please.

Sam gets up stiffly. He limps over to the pump and slowly goes about unscrewing the cap and sticking in the nozzle.

Charlie looks at Rachel and shrugs. He gets out of the car to stretch his legs. Sam begins to squeegie the dust off the windshield. He smiles through the glass at Rachel. Rachel smiles back a little nervously.

Charlie walks around to where a pyramid of OIL CANS are stacked beside three cases of ANTI-FREEZE. Next to them is a rather curious display that seems to hold every legal over-the-counter stimulant available. NO-DOZE, VIVARIN, CAFFEINE TABLETS, COCA-COLA, you name it. There are also a couple of those little electric EAR BEEPERS which sound if your head droops down while driving. A SIGN reads, Free Coffee If You Want It. The whole display seems like a shrine to insomnia.

Charlie walks back over to Sam who's just finished screwing the cap back on.

CHARLIE
What do I owe you?

SAM
Gas is eight dollars. Advice is free.

Charlie smiles as he reaches into his pocket for the money.

CHARLIE
Oh yeah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM
Yup. You 'n' the Lady headin' fer Las Vegas?

CHARLIE
(suddenly suspicious)
Maybe.

SAM
Well if ya is, you'd better turn right around and make yer way back to I-15. If ya got some other business down this road I suggest ya rent a room fer the night and get a fresh start in the mornin'.

CHARLIE
Not interested.

SAM
Not interested in spendin' the night with your girl? You ever done that before?

CHARLIE
Listen, this road does go to Las Vegas doesn't it?

SAM
Yup.

CHARLIE
Thanks for the advice, Mister, but that's all I want to know.

Charlie hands Sam the money and gets into the car.

SAM
You two can stay here. Won't cost ya a cent. I'll guarantee yer privacy.

CHARLIE
No thanks.

SAM
Ask yer girl. Maybe she'd preciate a nice bed with clean sheets.

Charlie starts to pull away. Sam limps after him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM
If ya get tired, make sure you don't pull over till ya pass the second Joshua Tree. It's dangerous out there.

Charlie leaves Sam behind as he heads out onto the road.

SAM
(shouting a warning)
Don't fall asleep till ya pass the second Joshua Tree!
(to himself)
Damn fool kid.

17 INT. TOYOTA - LEAVING LAST CHANCE TEXACO - NIGHT 17

RACHEL
What was that all about?

CHARLIE
I don't know. Guy was weird.

Rachel slouches a little in her chair and closes her eyes.

RACHEL
Probably just lonely. He sure seemed to think coming this way was a bad idea though.

CHARLIE
Do you?

RACHEL
(drowsy)
Dunno, Charlie. You're in charge. I trust you.

Charlie drives on silently for a few moments, obviously thinking something over. Finally...

CHARLIE
I know this whole thing is crazy, Rache, but I'm just tired of it. Navy brats see the world, but we live like gypsies. I didn't mind so much till I met you. I know we're too young, but I'm not going to lose you. You'll see. I'll be a good husband, we'll have a good home and we won't ever move again. Okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie looks over at Rachel. She doesn't respond. In fact, she doesn't even look like she's awake.

CHARLIE
Rachel?
(no answer)
Great. I pour my guts out and you're asleep. What do you think, Ben?

Ben's asleep, too. He starts snoring even.

CHARLIE
Just driving through the middle of nowhere. Talking to myself.

18 EXT. JOSHUA TREE ROAD - NIGHT 18

Further on up the road. The Toyota's headlight illuminates a lone JOSHUA TREE up ahead close to the side of the road. It's grizzled and ancient.

19 INT. TOYOTA - JOSHUA TREE ROAD - NIGHT 19

Rachel is still asleep. So is Mr. Ben. Charlie surpresses a big yawn and looks at the tree curiously as he drives by.

REVERSE ANGLE - JOSHUA TREE

A large silhouetted BIRD OF PREY, perched on the highest limb, watches as the Toyota passes.

20 EXT. JOSHUA TREE ROAD - NIGHT 20

Even further on up the road. The Toyota rambles down what is beginning to seem to Charlie to be a never ending road.

21 INT. TOYOTA - JOSHUA TREE ROAD - NIGHT 21

Charlie maintains his lonely vigil, trying to fight off the temptations of sleep. His head droops forward for a moment. It snaps right back up. Charlie rolls down the window and lets the wind blow onto his face. There that's better. Or is it?

If the engine's HUM is a lullaby, then Rachel's deep steady BREATHING provides the backing rhythm. Charlie's head droops a second time, only for a moment. He digs a knuckle into his eye, tries to concentrate on the road ahead.

WHAT CHARLIE SEES:

The same old road. A few hundred yards ahead the back of an old wooden BILLBOARD is visible.

CHARLIE

Slowly, inexorably, his head droops a third time. This time it stays down. Charlie's asleep. And somehow being asleep seems much more dangerous than the mere fact that Charlie is about to head off the road and into the...

BILLBOARD FRAME

The roads bends a little, but the Toyota keeps going straight, headed directly toward the left SUPPORT BEAM.

CHARLIE

At the last instant his head jerks up. He twists the wheel hard and just manages to bring the Toyota back onto the road. That beam came so close he could see the knots in the wood.

Charlie doesn't even have time to breath a sigh of relief before the night is pierced by the familiar glow of red and blue police LIGHTS. Charlie shoots a disbelieving glance into the rear view mirror, the harsh white high beams reflect onto his face.

CHARLIE
Where the hell did he come from?

RACHEL
(waking up)
Who?

CHARLIE
A Statie. Outta nowhere.

Charlie pulls over. We still haven't seen it, but we can tell by the lights that the Police Cruiser pulls up behind them. They produce a weird strobe-like effect. We can see through the windshield however, that Charlie has come to a stop just before a second JOSHUA TREE.

Mr. Ben sits up. He looks up out the rear window and begins to GROWL, low and fierce. The hair on his back bristles up. He definately seems to realize something that Charlie and Rachel don't.

RACHEL
(glancing back)
Those lights are so bright I can't see a thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
Why do they always have to make you wait? Why can't he just get it over with?

22 EXT. JOSHUA TREE ROAD - NIGHT 22

The Toyota is b.g. In f.g. the bottom of the police CRUISER'S door is just visible. So is the left front TIRE. It's black and looks like it's made out of something much harder than rubber. The asphalt seems to be bubbling up around it!

The cruiser's door opens. A fearsome black JACKBOOT swings out and hits the pavement. There's a slight HISS as steam rises up around the sole. The boot is slowly burning in! The other boot follows. Whoever this is starts a slow deliberate walk toward the Toyota, leaving scorched footprints in its wake.

HELLCOP - SEVERAL CLOSE ANGLES

A black-gloved hand switches on a black patrolman's FLASHLIGHT with a beam more powerful than the light at Cape Hatteras.

A tremendous holstered HANDGUN of unknown caliber along with an electric shock TAYSER GUN.

There's a NIGHTSTICK the size of a baseball bat.

Unbelievably, a monstrous pair of HANDCUFFS dangle from the belt. A short piece of chain connects two cusped, powerful looking, <u>living</u> hands, ash grey with black nails.

A pentagram-shaped BADGE pinned on a coarse black UNIFORM.

A NAMETAG which reads <u>Sgt. Charon</u>, but we're just going to call this guy HELLCOP.

Finally, a pair of cruel-looking REFLECTIVE SUNGLASSES. We see the reflection of the Toyota grow larger as Hellcop approaches the automobile.

TOYOTA

Charlie and Rachel look toward Hellcop as he comes up alongside the car. The flashlight makes it impossible to see him clearly. He stops by Charlie, pointing the light directly at him. Mr. Ben GROWLS for all he's worth.

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CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
(a little spooked)
What seems to be the problem, Officer?

No response. Hellcop walks around to the front of the car, pointing the light on Charlie.

RACHEL
What the hell's wrong with him?

The light swings over to Rachel.

RACHEL
I think we better get out of here, Charlie.

CHARLIE
I can't go. He's a cop.

RACHEL - HELLCOP'S POV

He's definately focused on her. She raises her hand to block out the light. The CAMERA (Hellcop) begins to move forward and around to the passenger's side.

TOYOTA

RACHEL
(urgent, sensing it)
Drive, Charlie. Please.

Charlie is hesitant. He finally fumbles for the ignition, but it's too late. Hellcop rips the passenger side door clean off. He then reaches in, hauls out Rachel and starts to drag her back toward the cruiser.

RACHEL
Charlie!

Mr. Ben, fangs bared, leaps out after them. Charlie pulls a TIRE IRON from the back seat and follows.

ROAD

Mr. Ben leaps directly for Hellcop's throat. Hellcop turns and with his free hand swats Mr. Ben out of the air like he was a mosquito. Mr. Ben hits the ground in a silent heap.

RACHEL
Charlie!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hellcop opens the back door of the Cruiser. Charlie rushes forward.

CHARLIE
Let her go!

Hellcop turns toward Charlie and for the first time we see the part of his face not covered by the sunglasses. The skin is not human. It looks almost reptillian. The left cheekbone is exposed.

Charlie stops short at the sight and Hellcop smashes him across the forehead with the flashlight. Charlie drops to the pavement.

Hellcop throws Rachel violently into the back seat of the Cruiser. Her charm bracelet is torn loose in the process.

CHARLIE'S FACE

Resting on the pavement. The charm bracelet lands right in front of his nose. His eyes are open, but he's fighting to maintain consciousness. Blood pours out of a split in his forehead.

23 INT. BACK SEAT - CRUISER - JOSHUA TREE ROAD - NIGHT 23

A terrified Rachel struggles to no avail. Hellcop attaches one end of the handcuff to her right wrist. The gruesome grey hand closes in a painful, vise-like grip. The other hand grasps onto the cruiser's ROLLBAR.

Hellcop slams the door shut and the seams that distinguish it from the rest of the body disappear. Hellcop gets into the front and starts the engine with a deafening ROAR.

24 EXT. JOSHUA TREE ROAD - NIGHT 24

Charlie's about to slip away, too weak to do anything but watch.

WHAT CHARLIE SEES:

The Cruiser tears down the highway leaving a set of FLAMING SKID MARKS behind.

CHARLIE

His eyes glaze over and he passes out.

DIRECT MATCH CUT TO:

25 INT. TOYOTA - JOSHUA TREE ROAD - NIGHT 25

Charlie wakes up behind the wheel just as the Toyota is about to smash into the left support beam of the wooden billboard. Charlie spins the wheel, but it's too late.

26 EXT. JOSHUA TREE ROAD - NIGHT 26

The Toyota smashes through the beam and comes to a stop. The front grill is obliterated and the headlight is smashed in, but the Nunzio's Pizzeria sign remains lit. STEAM escapes from under the hood. It's suddenly very quiet.

27 INT. JOSHUA TREE ROAD - NIGHT 27

Charlie has hit his head on the steering column opening a cut that is bleeding, but not nearly as bad as the other one. Charlie touches his forehead and then looks at the blood. We hear Mr. Ben WHINING in the back seat.

CHARLIE
What a dream.
(looks to Rachel)
Are you all right?

WIDEN TO REVEAL that Rachel is gone. The passenger seat is empty. Mr. Ben sits in the back, obviously scared, but physically okay. Charlie quickly checks behind the back seat and after a stunned silence he gets out of the car.

28 EXT. JOSHUA TREE ROAD - NIGHT 28

Charlie looks around the car for some sign of Rachel.

CHARLIE
Rachel!

MOVE WITH Charlie as he trots up the road a little ways. Mr. Ben joins him, afraid to be left behind.

CHARLIE
Rachel!

Charlie comes to a sudden stop. There on the ground at his feet is Rachel's charm bracelet. He picks it up, looks at it. Wasn't it a dream?

Charlie scans the ground again and spots the footprints that were burned into the tar and also the skid marks. Remembering something, Charlie shoots a glance up the road.

WHAT CHARLIE SEES:

The second Joshua Tree, keeping a silent vigil by the side of the road.

CHARLIE

Stares at the tree a moment.

CHARLIE
Joshua trees...

Charlie turns and bolts back to the Toyota. He hops in and after two attempts the engine turns over. He turns the car around and starts back up the road.

29 EXT. LAST CHANCE TEXACO - NIGHT 29

Sam is back in his rocking chair. There is an approaching sound, an engine on its deathbed. Sam looks up the road to see the Toyota limping into the station. Steam billows out from under the hood, giving the impression of a moving fog bank. In fact, you can hardly see the car.

It comes to a stop beside the pumps. Charlie leaps out and rushes over to Sam. Mr. Ben bounds after him. Sam doesn't get up. He looks amused to see Charlie. The steam drifts between them.

CHARLIE
(no fooling around)
Why didn't you want us going out on that road! What was all that stuff about trees!

SAM
Ya wouldn't believe me even if'n I told ya. Just be happy ya made it back hunky-dory. Car can be fixed. Now do you and the little lady want a room er no?

CHARLIE
He took her.

It's like someone reached in and squeezed the old man's heart. His hand goes to his chest and his face turns pale. Sam stands and staggers over to the Toyota, wanting very badly to see Rachel sitting in the front seat. Finally...

SAM
(thick)
Who did?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie comes around in front of Sam again.

CHARLIE
You tell me, old man. You know.

SAM
Now listen. Yer not gonna believe me, but... Well maybe you might. Anyhow, ain't much time.

Sam puts out a hand, leans on Charlie's shoulder.

SAM
Fifty years ago. 1939. Was drivin' out from Oklahoma with my fiancee Clara. Gonna look fer work in Californ. In the middle of the night I fell asleep on that god fersaken road and he took her. Looked fer years, but I never saw her again.
(pause)
There's a road within the road. He's taken her there.

CHARLIE
Where?

SAM
The highway to hell.

Charlie stares at Sam. He doesn't know what to think.

CHARLIE
Where's the phone? I gotta call someone. Get some help.

Charlie starts off for the phone though he has no idea if there is one much less where it is. Sam follows him.

SAM
You were there. Jus' like me. You know what I'm sayin' is true.

Charlie stops. He opens his clenched fist, revealing Rachel's bracelet. He looks at it and then turns to Sam.

CHARLIE
I know, but it's impossible.

30 INT. KITCHEN - SAM'S SHACK - NIGHT 30

Sam and Charlie stand over what passes for Sam's kitchen table. Sam is turning the pages of a scrap book. He stops at an old formal portrait photo of CLARA. She's about 20, very pretty with softly curled blonde hair.

SAM
This was Clara. Pretty as the day was long, God rest her.

After a moment Sam continues. There are several pasted HEADLINES from the Barstow News. They cover the last fifty years and they all deal with fatal accidents that have occured out on Black Canyon Road. One clipping from 1955 concerns a woman who was believed lost in the desert near the same stretch of road. There's a similar one from 1971.

Sam looks over at Charlie.

SAM
Mostly he just kills folks. Been almost a hundred wrecks out there that I seen. But sometimes, three times countin' Clara, women been taken away.

CHARLIE
But the highway to hell? That's... crazy.

SAM
I been there, son. Three times. Took a lot of tryin', but I found me a way.

CHARLIE
What is it?

SAM
Just gotta believe. If'n ya drive out there and believe, then ya got a chance to pass through. Then once yer down there ya gotta drive harder and faster then he does. Ya gotta catch up to him before he reaches the gates o'hell and then ya gotta take her away from him. If he gets her inside ya ain't gotta chance.

CHARLIE
How? He was... He was unreal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sam goes to the cupboard. He takes out a sawed-off SHOTGUN with buffed silver pommel and a small BUNDLE wrapped in a rag. He thrusts the gun into Charlie's hands.

SAM
He can be hurt. I done it.

Sam opens the bundle. It contains a handful of maybe ten shotgun SHELLS. The outside paper wraps are covered with strange SYMBOLS, like Hopi hex signs. The brass ends bear the same symbols.

SAM
(hands them to Charlie)
Wish I had more. Now there ain't much time. Ya have to make it fore the sun rises. Are ya goin'?

Charlie takes a deep breath and nods.

31 EXT. YARD - LAST CHANCE TEXACO - NIGHT 31

Sam limps after Charlie who's headed toward his Toyota. He catches up, puts a restraining hand on his shoulder.

SAM
Ya can't cut it in that sorry thing.

32 EXT. SHED - LAST CHANCE TEXACO - NIGHT 32

Sam throws open the shed door and pulls the string on an overhead LIGHT. There's some sort of vehicle covered by a dust ladened TARP. Sam pulls off the tarp to reveal a gleaming white 1932 FORD COUPE. Like new. Complete with big curved fenders, wide running boards and a rumble seat. Both doors bear the same symbol as those on the shotgun shells. They're painted in blue. Charlie looks at the roadster, a little in awe.

33 EXT. PUMPS - LAST CHANCE TEXACO - NIGHT 33

Charlie hefts a ten gallon spare TANK of gas into the back of the Ford. He then puts in a case of QUAKER STATE OIL. Sam hands him TWO CANTEENS.

SAM
I guess that's about it.
(remembers)
Oh wait. Take these.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sam reaches down and picks up two gallons of ANTI-FREEZE. He throws them into the back.

SAM
It's hot as hell down there.

Charlie moves to get into the car. Mr. Ben jumps in ahead of him. Charlie gets in and starts the engine. It sounds like a dream. A 500 horse power dream.

CHARLIE
I just gotta believe?

SAM
Jus' drive back'n'forth tween the trees and believe. Good luck, Son and God speed.

Charlie nods, drops the car into gear and ROARS off and away from the station. Sam watches, suddenly realizing that he's forgotten something.

SAM
Wait a minute, Kid! There's somethin' I fergot to tell ya 'bout the car!

Too late. The Ford's engine eliminates any chance of the message being heard. Sam realizes and just watches him go.

SAM
Damn. I hope he don't need to use it.

34 EXT. JOSHUA TREE ROAD - NIGHT 34

The Ford speeds past the first Joshua tree.

35 INT. FORD - JOSHUA TREE ROAD - NIGHT 35

Charlie's knuckles are white on the steering wheel. The wind from the open window whips his hair back. The speedometer needle can go all the way up to 160 mph. Right now it's at 70.

CHARLIE
I believe. I believe.

36 EXT. SECOND JOSHUA TREE - ROAD - NIGHT 36

The Ford's brakes SLAM on as Charlie passes the tree. The car slides to a stop, performs a U-turn and starts speeding back the other way. We notice that the sky is growing lighter on the horizon. Dawn is coming soon.

37 INT. FORD - SECOND JOSHUA TREE - ROAD - NIGHT 37

Charlie stares straight ahead with singularity of purpose.

CHARLIE
(chanting)
I believe. I believe.

38 EXT. FIRST JOSHUA TREE - ROAD - NIGHT 38

Charlie SCREECHES to another stop, does another U-turn and starts hauling ass back up the road. The sky should show the sun at any minute. Charlie continues o.s. There is a pause and then we see another set of HEADLIGHTS coming down the road, headed in the same direction as Charlie.

39 INT. FORD - JOSHUA TREE ROAD - NIGHT 39

Charlie looks out the passenger side window at what seems to be an imminent sunrise. This will be his last pass before the sun comes up. The speedometer reads 90 mph.

CHARLIE
(desperate)
I believe. I believe.

Suddenly, there it is, the sound of a police SIREN and the flashing blue and reds. Though somehow they don't seem as intense as before.

Charlie checks the rear view and immediately pulls over to the side. He breaks open the shotgun, slides in two shells and snaps it shut. He cradles the gun in his lap.

The sound of boots on the pavement as someone approaches the Ford. Charlie COCKS back the dual hammers. Ready.

A FIGURE appears a few feet from the driver's side window. Charlie levels the shotgun at him.

FIGURE
What's the --

CHARLIE
Where is she, you bastard!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIGURE
-- hurry...

Charlie is quite surprised to be face to face with a California STATE POLICEMAN. He looks to be about 19 years old and is quite surprised himself to see a shotgun pointed in his face. His own gun is still in its holster.

CHARLIE & STATE POLICEMAN
(together)
Oh shit.

40 EXT. JOSHUA TREE ROAD - NIGHT 40

Charlie hits the gas and he's off and running again.

STATE POLICEMAN

Stunned for a moment, but he recovers. He runs back to his police CAR and engages in hot pursuit.

41 INT. FORD - JOSHUA TREE ROAD - NIGHT 41

Charlie flies down the road.

CHARLIE
I believe. I believe.

42 EXT. JOSHUA TREE ROAD - DAWN 42

The sun could rise at any instant.

POLICE CAR

He's closing the gap on Charlie.

SECOND JOSHUA TREE

From this vantage point we can see Charlie hurtling toward us, a quarter of a mile and a few seconds away.

43 INT. FORD - JOSHUA TREE ROAD - DAWN 43

At 100 miles an hour.

CHARLIE
I believe.

POLICE CAR

Right behind him.

HORIZON

A ray of sunshine appears.

FORD

Passing the billboard. An instant away from the tree.

CHARLIE
I belieeeve!!

44 EXT. SECOND JOSHUA TREE - ROAD - DAWN 44

As it reaches the tree, the Ford disappears with a SLURP, sucked into the ectoplasm.

The State Policeman slams on the brakes, staring at the road in total disbelief.

45 EXT. OUT OF/INTO THIS WORLD POINT - HELL - DAY 45

There is an old DIRT ROAD leading out of a BLACK VOID, so black that no light can penetrate it. The road leads through what appears to be a typical DESERT.

There is a RUMBLE and then the Ford comes flying out of the void like it was shot from a cannon. Charlie just barely manages to keep it on the road. A huge cloud of dust rises as he comes to a stop.

46 INT. FORD - DIRT ROAD - DAY 46

Charlie takes a look around, amazed at what's happened. The landscape seems deserted.

ANGLE AHEAD

The road disappears into the heat waves rising off the desert floor.

CHARLIE

He wipes the sweat from his forehead.

CHARLIE
Looks like we go straight.

Mr. Ben pants his agreement. Charlie starts down the road.

47 EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY 47

Charlie cruises along at 70 mph. Ahead, the road seems to go on forever. It's hot and barren, but looking less and less like your typical sandy desert.

48 INT. FORD - DIRT ROAD - DAY 48

The radio CRACKLES to life. First STATIC, then...

DRAT VAGEN
(over speaker)
Wake up. Wake up. Wake up. It's the morning show with Drat Vagen. If you've been sleeping, the nightmare's over and reality just set in. Which is worse?
(hideous canned laughter)
This is the Drat man himself and you're listening to K-HEL 1-0-9. Well, it's another miserable day in Hades. The temp's already up above the 120 mark, air quality is deadly and the time is, well, it doesn't really matter because you're all gonna be down here forever! And now the new one from Pontius and the Pilates, "I Wash My Hands Of It."

Grusome heavy metal music begins to play, but it's soon swallowed up by static. The station is still too far away to receive clearly and steadily. Charlie increases his speed to 80 mph.

49 EXT. SIDE OF THE DIRT ROAD - DAY 49

Where a body of some sort has been burnt beyond recognition. As the Ford zooms past, it creates a vacuum which whips most of the ashes up into the air. The Ford continues out of sight as the ashes settle.

50 EXT. CROSSROADS - DAY 50

The dirt road empties into an intersection which splits off seven different ways. There are hundreds of ROAD SIGNS nailed to WOODEN POSTS. Unfortunately, they're all painted in strange symbols or bizarre foreign languages.

The terrain here is much rockier. There are several granite monoliths rising up from the ground. There are also many large BOULDERS which seem to have broken away.

51 INT. FORD - CROSSROADS - DAY 51

Charlie slows to a stop as he decides which way to go.

CHARLIE'S POV - BOULDER ROAD

From behind a particularly large BOULDER, out steps a female HITCH HIKER. She has wildly teased black hair and green eyes. A short leather mini-skirt covers only a fraction of an incredible pair of legs. A jean jacket with the sleeves cut off completes the outfit. She looks in Charlie's direction, a slight smile on her lips.

CHARLIE

Stares at what is probably the most sexually exciting woman he has ever seen in his life.

HITCH HIKER

She assumes a provocative hitch hiker's pose, slowly jabbing out into the air with her thumb. She has a cruel, but very exciting kind of beauty.

CHARLIE

Steps lightly on the gas. The Ford slowly rolls toward this exotic sight. Charlie's not totally smitten, however. He wedges the sawed-off shotgun down between the driver's side door and the seat. Mr. Ben emits a cautious GROWL.

CHARLIE
Shhh.

FORD

It pulls up alongside the Hitch Hiker. She looks in at Charlie from the passenger side window.

HITCH HIKER
(sexy, willing)
Hi, need a passenger?

CHARLIE
(nervous)
I don't know. It depends. Can you tell me the way to hell?

She leans into the window, exposing her cleavage.

HITCH HIKER
Sex, drugs and rock'n'roll, isn't it?

Charlie tries valiantly to keep his eyes on her face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
I mean the actual road. Which of these do I take?

HITCH HIKER
You must mean Hell City. What do you want to go there for? It's a real nasty place.

CHARLIE
There's a cop. He's headed that way with a passenger. I gotta reach him before he gets there.

HITCH HIKER
(genuinely surprised)
The man with no eyes? You're trying to beat him? He's one bad-ass cop. The only cop. You don't want to find him. You just hope he never finds you.

CHARLIE
Thanks anyhow. I'll take my chances.

Charlie starts to pull away. The Hitch Hiker steps onto the running board.

HITCH HIKER
Wait a second.

Charlie stops and she steps back down to the ground.

HITCH HIKER
If you want to find him so bad, I'll show you where to look. Maybe we'll have some fun along the way.

CHARLIE
You know where he is?

She nods knowledgably. Is she lying? Probably.

CHARLIE
(reluctant)
Okay, come on.

The Hitch Hiker opens the door, but before she steps in she gives Charlie one last incredibly sexy look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HITCH HIKER
Just one thing. You got room for two?

At that moment, a HUMONGOUS MAN appears on Charlie's side of the car. He must have crawled over while Charlie was distracted. He's an ugly brute, covered with tattoos.

Humongous Man reaches in and tries to tear Charlie's head off. At the same time, Ben starts to bite Humongous Man's ear off. The Hitch Hiker smiles and steps back to watch.

Charlie hits the gas and the Ford tears down the road.

52 EXT. BOULDER ROAD - DAY 52

MOVE WITH the Ford. Humongous Man hangs onto Charlie's head. It doesn't seem like anything is going to make him let go. Charlie can hardly breath, let alone steer the car. The Ford heads off the road and toward a ROCK OUTCROPPING. At the last instant, Charlie manages to spot it and turn the wheel.

The Ford misses it, but the Humungous Man doesn't. His body SLAMS into the rock and drops away from the driver's side window.

53 INT. FORD - BOULDER ROAD - DAY 53

Charlie continues driving, trying to catch his breath, his throat scratched and purple.

CHARLIE
That was too close, Ben.

54 EXT. BOULDER ROAD - (HELICOPTER'S POV) - DAY 54

The Ford rumbles down the road, the Humungous Man hanging onto the rear bumper! He manages to climb up over the back and onto the roof.

55 INT. FORD - BOULDER ROAD - DAY 55

Charlie looks up at the CRUNCHING sound on the roof.

An instant later the Humungous Man, bloodied but unbowed, is at the window. He reaches in for Charlie, but Charlie whips up the shotgun and lets loose a BLAST directly into Humungous Man's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's no more face, just a hole you can see through. There's no blood, just a lot of dust. It fills the air. This time Humungous Man falls from the car for good.

Charlie sets the shotgun down. His hand is trembling. A wicked SCRATCH runs along his throat.

CHARLIE
At least we know that works.

Charlie turns back onto the road and guns it.

56 EXT. CREST - DAY 56

First we hear the engine. Then we see the rising cloud of dust. Finally, the Ford appears at the top of the crest. It comes to a stop as Charlie scans the landscape down below him.

REVERSE ANGLE - WHAT CHARLIE SEES:

The road leads down into a wide valley. There's a large rambling ROAD HOUSE down here bustling with activity. It seems to be a truck stop of some sort, but from this distance it's hard to tell.

CREST

The Ford starts down.

57 EXT. WICKED WANDA'S GAS & ASS - DAY 57

A truck stop supreme. Gas up outside and ass up inside.

The Ford passes a row of pumps. A HUMAN TORCH ATTENDENT is busy filling a tank, oblivious to his condition and the possible hazzard it could entail.

The lot is filled with huge EIGHTEEN-WHEELERS. All carry something marked either Volatile, Flamable, Poisonous, Radioactive, or Hazardous Wastes. Several open rigs are filled with smouldering payloads, mostly HOT COALS. One rig is leaking ACID out of a crack in its tanker. It burns a hole into the parking lot. Mixed in are a few other smaller trucks. A WRECKER, a DUMP TRUCK, a PICK-UP, etc...

There's a row of six monster motorcycles which make Harleys look like Vespas. Five of the six bikes have riders. They are a NAZI SS OFFICER, a chainsaw weilding LEATHERFACE, an innocent-looking, puppy-petting PSYCHOPATH, a marauding BARBARIAN, and a DENTIST with high-powered holstered drill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Though they all dress in similar 'colors', there are still some visible vestiges of their former lives. Each has a GIRL with them. These woman wear leather jackets identifying themselves as "HELL'S BELLES".

Charlie continues. Finally... There it is. Hellcop's Cruiser. But there's no sign of Rachel or Hellcop. The Ford pulls up alongside.

Charlie jumps out, making sure Mr. Ben stays in the Ford. Charlie holds his football jacket under his arm, the BARREL of the sawed-off just visible inside. He checks the Cruiser out and then hurries for the entrance.

58 INT. WICKED WANDA'S GAS & ASS - DAY 58

A wild scene. TEN darkly alluring STRIPPERS, each in various stages of undress, undulate on top of the bar. FRENZIED TRUCKERS watch the show. They're ready to pounce, but something holds them back. Surely it isn't the SIGNS which read Touch At Own Risk.

One TRUCKER finally can't take it anymore. He lunges for one of the girls. His hands are terribly burned the instant they clasp her breasts. The Trucker reels away howling in pain.

ENTRANCE

Charlie steps in and surveys the scene. He starts moving through the crowd looking for any sign of Hellcop or Rachel.

TABLE IN THE CORNER

A tete-a-tete is going on between this establishment's corrupt, corpulent OWNER and ROYCE. Royce, 22, is a true piece of work. His shoulder length hair blown back by a permanent breeze, he wears a longrider coat with a sword sheathed at his side. His eyes are a piercing blue with a two inch SCAR under the left. He has an appealingly evil and definately insane air about him.

Standing behind him is a YOUNG WOMAN with a look of eternal sadness, half her face encircled by a serpent TATTOO. Her eyes are green and her bleached hair is crew-cut. Why does she look familiar?

ROYCE
The winds of change are howling out my name. I'm giving you a chance to be there at the start.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OWNER
I always liked you, Royce. You know that. But you're asking too much. We'll all be doubly damned if he ever finds out.

ROYCE
Fuck him! He already knows! I told him myself!

OWNER
(scared)
Keep your voice down. He's here right now. He's in the back talking to Hellcop.

ROYCE
He's a rock, but I'm a hard place and you're going to have to choose. Not today, but tomorrow. I will rule. I will --

Royce stops short and grabs hold of the sides of his head, suddenly in tremendous pain. The tattooed Young Woman rubs his temples, soothing him. The Owner watches warily.

CHARLIE

Continues through the crowd. Not seeing the ALBINO TRUCKER until he's walked smack into him.

ALBINO TRUCKER
Hey!

A white hand clamps down on his shoulder. Before Charlie can raise the shotgun, the Albino clamps onto the side of each arm and picks Charlie up off the ground. He checks out the bloody scratch on Charlie's throat.

ALBINO TRUCKER
You're alive. What the fuck are you doing down here like that?

The Albino gives Charlie a little squeeze. He drops the jacket wrapped gun and lets out a GASP. A CROWD of Truckers begin to gather.

Something past the Albino catches Charlie's eye and he almost forgets the predicament he's in.

WHAT CHARLIE SEES:

Across the room. Everyone gives a wide berth as Hellcop disappears through the front entrance with Rachel in tow.

CHARLIE

CHARLIE
Let me go. He's getting away.

ALBINO TRUCKER
Who?

CHARLIE
The cop with no eyes.

A murmer goes through the crowd, but the Truckers all quiet down as Royce saunters forward. He obviously carries some serious weight around these parts and knows it. He smiles, but it ain't friendly.

ROYCE
What's going on?

ALBINO TRUCKER
(deferential)
Aw nothin', Royce. This guy's alive.

ROYCE
So am I.

ALBINO TRUCKER
Yeah, but you're different. He says he's after Hellcop.

CHARLIE
Please. He just left. I gotta get him... Come on!

ROYCE
Hellcop? You're crazy. I like that. But why?

CHARLIE
He's got my girl friend.

Royce exchanges a look with his Woman and then turns back to Charlie.

ROYCE
Okay, but you owe me. Whether you're dead the next time I see you or not. You owe. Agreed?

CHARLIE
Agreed.

ROYCE
Let him go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Albino sets him down. Charlie picks up his jacket and the shotgun. They follow him as he makes a mad dash for the door.

59 EXT. WICKED WANDA'S GAS & ASS - DAY 59

Charlie steps out. In the distance we see Hellcop's Cruiser disappearing up the road. Charlie heads for the Ford. He hops in, starts it and backs up. Royce's Woman steps forward. She grabs the door and looks in at Charlie. He looks at her face and seems to forget what he's doing for a moment.

ROYCE'S WOMAN
Who gave you this car?

CHARLIE
Huh?

ROYCE'S WOMAN
Who?!

CHARLIE
An old man. His name is Sam.
He's... You're... You're Clara.

The Woman steps back from the car. It's the same girl we saw in the picture. It is Clara. Or was.

CLARA
Go get her. You don't have much time.

Charlie shakes free of his fog. He peels out toward the road, gravel spitting wildly from under the tires. The rear wheels smoke and even flame. Pursuit is engaged.

Royce stands watching with the motorcycle gang. Obviously the leader of this pack, the sixth bike belongs to him.

Royce raises his arm. From out of the sky a fierce looking FALCON drops down to perch on his forearm.

ROYCE
Follow him.

The Falcon takes wing after Charlie.

ROYCE
Something's happening.

60 EXT. TWO LANE HIGHWAY - DAY (HELICOPTER'S POV) 60

The dirt road has given way to a roughly paved two lane highway. The Ford is tearing along at the fastest speed we've seen so far.

61 INT. FORD - TWO LANE HIGHWAY - DAY 61

At the wheel. Intent. The shotgun in his lap. The speedometer pushing 105 mph.

Suddenly he sees it.

WHAT CHARLIE SEES:

Hellcop's Cruiser, a half mile ahead.

62 EXT. CRUISER - TWO LANE HIGHWAY - DAY 62

A beefy looking black and white with pentagram EMBLEMS on the door. This is the first good look we've had. The car's lines are muscular. In fact, the body almost seems more like muscle than steel or at least a combination of the two. The LOGO on the front fender reads, "To Endanger and Enslave". Flames shoot out the exhaust pipe. The license plate is a Hades Municipal with the letters DAMNED.

63 INT. CRUISER - TWO LANE HIGHWAY - DAY 63

Still in back and handcuffed to the rollbar, Rachel looks like an awfully tired and frightened girl. However, there's definately still fight in those eyes.

Hellcop stares straight ahead, the oncoming road reflected in the ominous sunglasses.

Suddenly, there is a CRUNCH and the Cruiser jerks forward, rammed from behind.

Rachel and Hellcop both turn to look out the rear window. Through it they can see the Ford. Charlie is clearly visible behind the wheel.

RACHEL
Charlie!

64 INT. FORD - TWO LANE HIGHWAY - DAY 64

Charlie drives like a maniac. He's scared, but exhilarated at the same time. Charlie turns the wheel and the Ford changes lanes.

65 EXT. TWO LANE HIGHWAY - DAY 65

The gleaming white Ford turns into the oncoming lane and pulls up alongside of the shiny black Cruiser. The Cruiser SMASHES into the Ford almost sending it off the road. The Ford returns the favor, SMASHING right back into the Cruiser. These two cars are obviously well matched.

Like the videogame the cop played at Denny's, both cars swerve to avoid the rusting hulks of abandoned VEHICLES.

The Cruiser rams into the Ford again and the two cars lock fenders. Hurtling down the two lane, Charlie comes eye-to-eye with Hellcop and with Rachel. Charlie raises the shotgun, but almost immediately realizes that he can't shoot with Rachel in the car. He lowers it.

RACHEL
Shoot him, Charlie!

Hellcop whips out his massive service REVOLVER and FIRES. The Ford's half-open passenger window is blown out! As Hellcop FIRES again Rachel lets him have it in the side of the head with her free arm, a pretty good wallop for a girl.

Hellcop's gun hand drops and he shoots a large HOLE through his own door. Also, his sunglasses are sent slightly ajar. For an instant, before he can readjust them, a powerful WHITE LIGHT seems to seep out from around the edges. It's only there for an instant.

Hellcop reaches back and gives Rachel a sharp slap into unconsciousness. He turns his attention and the revolver's back to Charlie.

Charlie ducks as Hellcop begins SHOOTING into the Ford. The first SHOT tears into the roof. The second BLOWS a hole into the upholstery of the big front seat. The third SHATTERS the driver's side window.

Up ahead, there's a brick wall built across the road. Charlie spots it and slams on his brakes. The two cars suddenly break away from each other, the Cruiser continuing toward the wall and the Ford careening off the road.

Never slowing, the Cruiser amazingly passes right through the wall. Not a single brick is disturbed.

66 INT. FORD - OFF THE TWO LANE HIGHWAY - DAY 66

Traveling 95 mph over rough and rocky terrain, out of control. Charlie turns back toward the road, but the Ford takes several hard jolts as it bounces along. Charlie brakes. It's either stop or smash up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Ford finally comes to a stop twenty yards from the road. It stalls out. Charlie tries to start it to no avail. There's the grating sound of metal on metal. Charlie jumps out of the car followed by Mr. Ben.

67 EXT. OFF THE TWO LANE HIGHWAY - DAY 67

Charlie and Ben look down the road at the disappearing Cruiser. It will soon be out of sight.

Charlie looks back at the Ford. There is a pool of oil running out from underneath, about six quarts worth. Charlie sits down in disgust, his hands at the side of his head. Ben licks him, but there's no comfort in that.

68 EXT. CALL BOX - TWO LANE HIGHWAY - DAY 68

Believe it or not there's a YELLOW CALL BOX here, mounted on top of a metal pole. It's marked Motorist Aid.

The heat rising off the asphalt obscures TWO FIGURES walking up the road toward the call box. As they approach we realize it's Charlie and Mr. Ben.

Charlie is bare-chested with his T-SHIRT hanging from his back pocket. He still wears his Charger's cap. The TWO CANTEENS are slung over his shoulder along with a small backpack. He cradles the shotgun in his right hand.

Charlie and Ben finally reach the Call Box. Cautiously, he goes over and picks up the receiver.

VOICE
(filtered, pleasant)
Motorist Aid.

CHARLIE
(unsure)
Hello?

VOICE
Yes Mortorist Aid. What seems to be the problem?

CHARLIE
It's my car. I've lost all the oil and it won't start.

VOICE
Really?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
Honest. Can I get some help?

VOICE
(concerned)
You've lost all the oil and the car won't start?

CHARLIE
Uh huh.

VOICE
(evil)
Well then I guess you're fucked! Hahahaha. Walk, asshole!

CLICK and DIAL TONE. Charlie lets go of the receiver and levels the shotgun on the call box. He's almost ready to fire when he thinks better of it. Instead, he picks up a rock and gives the box several good hard SMASHES.

Charlie is so busy smashing the box that he doesn't hear the SOUND of an approaching vehicle. He finally notices when the sound is almost on top of him.

Charlie turns and watches as a WRECKER drives past towing the Ford behind it. The Wrecker's travelling about 35 mph, by far the slowest speed we've seen down here. It continues past like Charlie wasn't even there. Charlie chases after it.

CHARLIE
Stop, you sonofabitch! That's my car!

The Wrecker immediately stops. The passenger side door is thrown open. Charlie hesitates and then continues forward with Mr. Ben. They pass the Ford and stop.

Sitting on the back of the wrecker, nestled beside the WINCH, is a small ten year old boy, ADAM. Adam is a skinny fellow with a very mischievous grin. He waves at Charlie.

ADAM
(disarming)
Hi, I'm Adam.

CHARLIE
I'm Charlie.

ADAM
That's a nice dog, Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Adam jerks a thumb back at the cab.

ADAM
Hurry up. He wants to talk to you.

Charlie takes a few steps forward and looks into the cab. The shotgun is ready, but he's not pointing it.

Sitting behind the steering wheel is BEEZLE. The Satanic Mechanic. Beezle looks to be 35 years old, but he seems much older. Sweat stained stetson, dirty overalls, and a beat-up pair of cowboy boots form his wardrobe. He has grey eyes, three days beard growth and a toothpick dangling from his mouth. He's ruggedly handsome especially when he smiles which he's doing right now.

BEEZLE
So you say this jalopy is yours?

CHARLIE
Yes, Sir.

BEEZLE
Call me Beezle.
(extends hand)
I'm a satanic mechanic.

Beezle wears a RING with strange symbols on his middle finger. Charlie hesitates, but shakes.

CHARLIE
I'm Charlie Sykes.

BEEZLE
Well, Charlie, I got a little salvage business. I usually keep what I find. But since you say it's yours I'm willing to let you take it. Now, I can either bring it to the shop and fix it or I can give it to you right now.

Charlie thinks a moment. What should he do?

BEEZLE
It's not going to do you much good out here.

CHARLIE
Thanks. I'd appreciate it if you could take a look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEEZLE
(smiles again)
Didn't say I'd look at it. Said I'd fix it. Hop in.

Charlie climbs in. He motions for Mr. Ben to follow. Mr. Ben backs up, the hair bristling on his back. He GROWLS. Nothing's going to make him get into the cab.

BEEZLE
Stick him in the back with Adam.

Charlie hops out and motions for Mr. Ben to go up with Adam. Ben jumps right up next to the boy. No problem at all. Adam pats him while Charlie gives him a handful of water from the canteen. Adam seems very happy.

ADAM
This is a great dog, Charlie.

Charlie nods and gets back into the cab of the wrecker. He closes the door revealing the Triple-A EMBLEM on the side. The familiar interlocking A's are surrounded by an oval. However, the slogan around the emblem reads, Anarchy, Annihilation & Armageddon. In LETTERING underneath the emblem is the owner's name, Beezle - Satanic Mechanic.

The Wrecker pulls away and starts down the road.

69 INT. WRECKER CAB - TWO LANE HIGHWAY - DAY 69

Beezle drives down the road at a steady speed of 35 mph. Charlie checks the speedometer anxiously.

CHARLIE
Could you speed up a little?

BEEZLE
Slow and steady wins the race.

CHARLIE
Why do you say that?

BEEZLE
Just an expression. I haven't seen a Coupe like yours in about forty years. It's a real nice piece of work.

CHARLIE
Forty years? You mean when you were a kid?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEEZLE
No.

Beezle reaches down and turns on the RADIO.

DRAT VAGEN
(over radio)
That mercury just passed the 130 mark and it isn't even noon yet. It's gonna be one hot mutha today.
(hideous SCREAMS and canned LAUGHTER)
This just in. There's been a tremendous 18 car pile-up on the Eastbound lane of Highway 61. So you might want to rush down there and get a good look before the bleeding stops.
(more canned laughter)
Here's one going out to the man with the precious cargo. It's Marvin and the Imperials doing their mega-flop "Please Puncture My Lungs."

BEEZLE
(switches it off)
How can you kids listen to that stuff?

70 EXT. TWO LANE HIGHWAY - DAY 70

The Wrecker continues on its way down the road.

71 EXT. BEEZLE'S FALLEN ANGEL FILLING STATION - DAY 71

A typical gas station with PUMPS, a SERVICE BAY and several wrecked or beat-up CARS in the back. There's a tall POLE with a SIGN on top which reads Fallen Angel Filling Station. The pole is covered with glass neon tubes. Every few seconds, a NEON Icarus-style falling ANGEL drops down the pole toward the ground in a jerky sequence of FLASHES.

As the Wrecker approaches the station it passes a DPW TRUCK parked on the side of the road.

A DPW CREW is at work. However, this crew isn't made up of men, but of eyeless, souless ZOMBIES. They're dressed in orange jumpsuits with DPW logos on the back. They wander stiffly along the road, each carrying a large orange TRASH BAG. But instead of picking trash up, they are reaching into their bags and throwing it out onto the road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Wrecker pulls into the station. Adam and Ben jump off the back and Beezle and Charlie climb out of the cab. Beezle starts unhitching the Ford.

SIGN POLE

Royce's Falcon sets down on top, watching.

BEEZLE

Bent over the front fender pulling off a chain. His eyes glance up slyly at the sign pole. He knows what's there.

YARD

Beezle throws the chain onto the back of the wrecker.

BEEZLE
Let's roll it into the service bay. Adam, you steer.

Adam climbs excitedly into the driver's seat. Beezle and Charlie push. It rolls along easily. Beezle glances back one last time as they disappear into the garage.

SIGN POLE

After a few moments, the Falcon takes wing. It circles the station once and then flaps away. Time to make its report.

72 INT. SERVICE BAY - BEEZLE'S - DAY 72

The Ford is on the lift. Beezle and Charlie stand under it.

BEEZLE
You got a rock through your oil pan. It'll take me a couple of minutes to weld a patch over it.

CHARLIE
Great. That's great.

Beezle picks up an acetylene TORCH and lights it with a STRIKER. He smiles as he focuses the FLAME to a blue cone.

73 EXT. BEEZLE'S FALLEN ANGEL FILLING STATION - DAY 73

Adam throws a STICK and Ben runs to fetch it. Adam jumps up and down excitedly. Ben brings the stick back. Adam gets ready to throw, but then gets a better idea. He raises the stick over his head and gives Ben a whack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Behind Adam, Charlie steps outside from the service bay just in time to see what's going on. Ben is more surprised than hurt. Charlie's still pissed though.

CHARLIE
Hey!

Charlie steps over and yanks the stick out of Adam's hand.

ADAM
I was just throwing him the stick, Charlie. I wasn't being bad.

CHARLIE
You hit him, you little creep.

ADAM
No. I love dogs. I had a dog once, too.

CHARLIE
How would you like it if I hit you?

Charlie raises the stick over his head. He's just trying to scare Adam, but Adam doesn't know that. Adam drops flat on the ground at Charlie's feet and begins to CRY.

ADAM
Don't hit me, Charlie. I'm sorry. I used to be a good boy. I won't do it again.

Charlie feels bad. He didn't mean to scare him this bad. He reaches down and pulls Adam to his feet.

CHARLIE
I'm not going to hit you. Just start being a good boy again, okay?

Adam looks around to make sure no one is listening.

ADAM
(conspiratorilly)
Okay.

Charlie gives the stick back to Adam, whose eyes widen in disbelief. This is a true show of good faith. Adam throws the stick and Mr. Ben bounds after it. He's not holdingg a grudge either. Adam LAUGHS and jumps for joy.

74 INT. SERVICE BAY - BEEZLE'S - DAY 74

Beezle finishes draining the last quart of QUAKER STATE into the Ford as Charlie watches. Adam stands nearby on the passenger's side patting Mr. Ben. Beezle screws the oil cap back on.

CHARLIE
How much do I owe you? All I got is sixty bucks.

BEEZLE
Forget about the bill, we'll get Hell to pay.

Beezle LAUGHS strangely. Charlie joins him to be polite.

CHARLIE
Thanks. I better get going.

BEEZLE
I'm heading out for a few beers. You're welcome to come along.

CHARLIE
Thanks, but I really have to go.

BEEZLE
Pity. You don't know what you're missing.

Charlie opens the driver's side door.

CHARLIE
Come on, Ben.

Ben trots over and hops in. Adam looks like he's going to cry. Beezle gives him a look and he wanders off into the shadows of the service bay. Charlie turns back to Beezle.

CHARLIE
Can you tell me how to find the road To Hell City?

BEEZLE
All roads lead there. Some just take longer.

CHARLIE
I need the goddam express route.

BEEZLE
Ahh, that would be Route 6-66. Why do you want to go there for? This is all very odd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
I don't have time to explain.
(deciding)
I'm after a guy named Hellcop.
He's got my girlfriend

BEEZLE
I know about him. He's done this before.

CHARLIE
So I've been told. I just don't know why.

BEEZLE
For him.

CHARLIE
Him?

BEEZLE
Him.

CHARLIE
Him?

BEEZLE
Him... Just keep heading East.
You'll hit Route 6-66 eventually.

CHARLIE
Okay, East.
(damn curious)
Why does he want her?

BEEZLE
She's what he likes.

CHARLIE
I'm not following.

BEEZLE
She's a virgin.

CHARLIE
Oh no.
(it hits him)
Shit! If we had gone all the way at the drive-in last weekend this wouldn't be happening.

Charlie leaps into the Ford and FIRES up the engine. Charlie peels out and away. Beezle watches him go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEEZLE
The problems of teenagers. I could write a book.

75 EXT. FORD - TWO LANE HIGHWAY - DAY (HELICOPTER'S POV) 75

We're looking at it from the driver's side. Charlie's humming right along, the only car on the road. A branch of the highway forks off. It's headed toward the East. Charlie takes it.

We pass over the top of the Ford and look down on the passenger's side. There, crouched down on the running board, holding onto the well of the door handle is Adam! He's a stowaway. The Ford continues down the road.

76 EXT. HIGHWAY 61 - DAY 76

We're on a two lane highway heading EAST with a third lane heading back the other way. (Note - We never see any cars moving away from Hell. West bound lanes, if any, are always empty.) There is traffic here. Several side roads feed the main one. Speeds increase as does driver error.

Up the road a ways there's a lot of smoke and some sort of construction activity, but from here it's difficult to identify what exactly is going on.

77 INT. FORD - HIGHWAY 61 - DAY 77

Charlie is a study in concentration. The car beside him makes a wild lane change and Charlie just avoids being side-swiped. Just then Adam appears at the passenger's side window. He looks in at Charlie who is quite stunned to see him.

ADAM
I think I better come in with you, Charlie.

Charlie reaches over and grabs Adam by the collar, pulling him in through the window. Adam is thrown back against the seat as Charlie guns the gas to avoid another collision.

ADAM
That was neat, Charlie. Hi, Ben.

CHARLIE
What were you doing out there? Are you crazy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM
I'm a stowaway. I'm with you now. I'm your driving partner.

CHARLIE
You can't come with me. I'm going to Hell City. It's too dangerous.

ADAM
(determined)
Charlie, I live there. I can show you the way. I know where Hellcop likes to go. I can help you. Please, Charlie. Please.

Charlie thinks this over a moment.

CHARLIE
Makes sense to me. Okay.
(Adam CHEERS)
But you gotta look out for yourself. I didn't come down here for you.

Adam nods his agreement. Charlie turns his attention back to the road which is in a rapidly deteriorating condition. They bounce along over cracks and potholes.

78 EXT. HIGHWAY 61 - DAY 78

There's lots of stop and go TRAFFIC ahead. The Ford passes a convoy of BUSES. They're all crammed with ashen-faced, terrified looking PEOPLE. They're pressed up against the glass, noses bent over and cheeks flattened.

CHARLIE
Who are they?

ADAM
The dead. Bad people who are on their way to hell. I was bad for awhile. Now I think I'm good again.

Another ROAD SIGN. This one informs us that the next three exits are <u>The Pit Of Despair, Desolation Blvd., and The Hotel California</u>.

TRACK ALONG as we slowly pass the road construction. Destruction would be more like it. Two lanes of freshly tarred, perfectly paved road are begin chewed up by a JACKHAMMER wielding ZOMBIE ROAD CREW.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We begin to pass a long line of PEOPLE of every creed, color, age and sex. They are standing on the side of the road walking forward. All of them are trying to explain to no one in particular that they don't belong in Hell.

PERSON ONE
-- If only I had lived longer I would have had a chance to do some really good things. I --

PERSON TWO
-- It turned out bad, but my intentions were good. If only --

At the head of the line is a big steaming COMBINE. When the people reach it, TWO Road Crew ZOMBIES throw them in. Their bodies are SHREDDED and spit out onto the old part of the road through a nozzle. These people's remains are what makes the tar which is so beautifully covering the road, which in turn is being immediately torn up.

The LOGO on the side of the combine reads, The Good Intentions Paving Co. Charlie looks away. Adam doesn't seem to even notice.

79 EXT. PLUTO'S DONUTS & COFFEE - DAY 79

An old roadside coffee shop, the kind of place cops are fond off. And look, here comes one now. Hellcop's cruiser rumbles in to a parking spot, the only car in the lot.

Hellcop, stoic as ever, steps out. He opens the back door and hauls out Rachel. He starts toward the entrance, pulling her along behind by the open end of the handcuff.

RACHEL
Isn't it about time you read me my rights?

Rachel stumbles forward as Hellcop gives the cuff a yank.

80 INT. PLUTO'S - DAY 80

In Hell the cops are prisoners of the donut shops. Sitting silently along the counter and in booths against the wall are pale, hollow-eyed and most of all deceased COPS. There are uniformed POLICE, PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVES, ENGLISH BOBBIES, MOUNTIES, fez-topped TURKISH COPS, etc... They are eternally waiting for coffee and donuts that are never going to come.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Behind the counter the coffee pots are cracked and dry, the donut racks are empty and cobwebbed, and there isn't a waitress in sight.

The door bursts open and in steps Hellcop with Rachel in tow. The Cops quickly clear out from the section of counter that Hellcop is headed for. Hellcop pushes Rachel down on a stool, the free hand of the handcuff clamps down around the counter's edge. Hellcop sits down next to her.

A door opens in the back and out comes a WAITRESS. She's ancient and covered from head to toe with varicose veins, but that doesn't stop the Cops from leering. She sets a an iron-ring DONUT and a steaming cup of black oil COFFEE in front of Hellcop. She turns and leaves.

The Cop's mouths water as all eyes watch Hellcop eat and drink. Some of them chew air vicariously. All crane their necks and try to get positioned for the best possible view. There is some pushing and shoving. The desperation escalates. Hellcop doesn't seem to notice, but Rachel looks at them with a mixture of horror and pity.

Finally, the shoving gets too much and COP ONE stumbles forward. He accidentally bumps Hellcop in the back just as he's sipping his java. A little of the coffee spills into his lap.

Silence reigns. Cop One moves back, but the others clear out, isolating him. Hellcop sets his cup down and rises. He advances toward the group, at the same time drawing his TAYSER GUN from his utility belt. There's nowhere to run. Hellcop aims at Cop One.

COP ONE
(softly despairing)
No. No.

Hellcop pulls the trigger. A charge of electrical energy shoots out and envelops Cop One. But instead of simply shocking him something else happens.

Cop One's body goes rigid and then it begins to burn. In a few agonizing moments the physical flesh is burned through. It drops to the floor in a pile of dust revealing the 'astral self', a wavering wraith-like image. With a pained CRY, this image begins sinking into the floor on its way to some lower destination. Dust is all that's left of this fate worse than death.

Hellcop points the Tayser gun at the crowd. Everyone tries to get out of the way, but another victim is hit.

RACHEL

Seizing on the lack of attention being paid her, she tries to pry the handcuff's fingers off the edge of the counter top. It's no use. Always thinking, she picks up the hot coffee and dumps it onto the hand. It spasms out in pain, releasing the counter (the whole cuff is still attached by the hand holding her wrist).

Rachel seizes the opportunity and runs through the door to the outside. Hellcop is too busy to notice.

81 EXT. PLUTO'S - DAY 81

Rachel rushes over to the Cruiser. She yanks on the door handle, but it's to no avail. The door seams are gone. The body has become a seamless shell. Rachel shoots a glance toward Pluto's. He's not following yet. Desperate, she turns and starts off down the...

ROAD

Rachel runs for all she's worth. She takes a quick look back, there's no pursuit yet. The problem is there's no place to hide. The landscape is flat and empty, only a few scrubby bushes here and there. Still she goes.

ANGLE DOWN THE ROAD AHEAD

A rolling cloud of dust speeds toward Rachel. Something's coming this way.

ROAD

Rachel slows, wondering which way to go. What to do.

Looking back, she sees Hellcop as he exits Pluto's and slowly gets into his Cruiser. No hurry here until the tires spin and the Cruiser fishtails out after her.

Rachel decides. She runs toward the dust cloud, opting for devil she doesn't know rather than the one she does.

The dust is being thrown up by Royce and his Rollers. Rachel stops short as the motorcycles fly by her on either side. They power slide to stops and throttle back toward her. At the same time Hellcop ROARS up. The bikes are between him and Rachel.

Royce rolls up to Rachel, Clara on the back of his bike. He looks at Rachel over the top of his 1/2 inch high SLIT SUNGLASSES. She has no idea whether her situation has gotten better or worse. Clara eyes her keenly. Royce gets off his bike.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROYCE
What's your name, sweetie?

RACHEL
Please help me. Keep him away from me.

ROYCE
Sorry, sister, but whatever he's gonna do we'll do twice as bad.

Hellcop gets out of the Cruiser. Rachel moves to run, but Royce grabs her by the wrist. He pulls her close to Clara who he also takes by the wrist.

ROYCE
Meet Clara. She was once in the same shit you are. The chosen Madonna. Know how she tried to get out of it?

Royce pulls Clara's wrist under Rachel nose. We see the old unhealed gash where her wrist was slit. The skin is gray and flaps loose. Fine dust drifts out.

ROYCE
Nice try, but all it did was kill her. You're fucked. We all are.

Hellcop strides forward. No one moves to get in his way. He heads for Rachel, oblivious of all else. Just before he reaches her, Royce pulls her close and draws his sword. Hellcop stops, the blade's tip an inch his nose. He in turn points his revolver at Royce's head. A Mexican stand-off in Hell.

Hellcop cocks back the revolver's hammer. Royce's mouth twists into a smile.

ROYCE
Embarrassing isn't it? A girl from up there getting away from you down here. You'd be singing small if he ever found out.

Hellcop moves to go around him, but Royce keeps the sword between them.

ROYCE
Uh uh. Here's what I'm gonna do for ya. I'll give her back and I won't say how you fucked up, but you owe me. Deal?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hellcop remains as impassive and unreadable as ever.

ROYCE
I'll take that as a yes.

Royce lowers his sword. Hellcop snatches Rachel and starts dragging her back toward the Cruiser.

RACHEL
(to Royce)
Bastard!

ROYCE
Down here that's a compliment. I'll tell your boyfriend you said hello.

RACHEL
Charlie?...

ROYCE
(mocking)
Charlie?... Yes! Charlie! Brave, bold, knight of old. Charlie. Charlie Fucking Sykes. Friend of the underworld with banner unfurled. He's looking for you!

CRUISER

As Hellcop reaches for the door he makes a strange hand signal. Like a backward crossing. At this the seams reappear. It doesn't go unnoticed by Rachel.

Hellcop flings her in the back and reattaches the cuff. SLAM! Rachel's secure. SLAM! Hellcop's in the driver's seat. ROAR! They're off.

ROYCE

There's a screeching CRY as Royce's Falcon lands back on his arm. He pulls it close. We can't hear it, but it talks into his ear. Royce is very interested in what it's saying. Finished, it flies away after the Cruiser.

ROYCE
Let's bag ass!

They tear out in a cloud of dust and blue exhaust.

82 EXT. HIGHWAY 61 - DAY 82

A black rain begins to fall. The water evaporates almost as soon as it hits the road. Blue LIGHTNING BOLTS slam into the ground. THUNDER rolls. Not one single car slows down. If anything, the bumper to bumper maniacs only speed up. Conditions have gone from as bad as they could be to worse. A SIGN is passed. It reads, Hell City - 300 Miles.

83 INT. FORD - HIGHWAY 61 - DAY 83

Charlie switches on the wipers, but it barely makes a difference. The rain is black and thick. Sweat runs down the sides of his face. He looks like his nerves are completely shot. Adam sits quietly scratching a PANTING Mr. Ben's ears. Unaffected.

84 EXT. HIGHWAY 61 - DAY 84

A bolt of lightning slams the pavement just in front of them. Charlie swerves violently and loses control of the car. They spin out and off the road finally coming to a stop after blowing through several dead or dying bushes. They're lucky to be alive not to mention intact.

85 INT. FORD - HIGHWAY 61 - DAY 85

Charlie slumps over the steering wheel, exhausted. After a few moments he manages the strength to sit up and appraise the situation. The rain is so heavy, it's almost black around them. They're not going anywhere.

CHARLIE
I guess we'll wait it out... Where are you from, kid?

ADAM
Cleveland.

CHARLIE
So... Are you dead? Did you die in Cleveland and then come down here?
(Adam shakes his head)
Then how'd you get here?

ADAM
Hellcop brought me.

CHARLIE
(surprised)
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM
(lying)
It was a long time ago and I was a little kid so I don't remember too good. I don't remember at all.

CHARLIE
But you remember Cleveland.

Adam looks away.

CHARLIE
Come on, Adam. You can trust me.

Adam looks at Charlie and decides he can. He reaches deep into his shirt and pulls out a worn, creased POLAROID. He hands it to Charlie.

ADAM
(slowly dropping to a whisper)
My Daddy was driving the station wagon and I don't know what happened cause I was sleeping. But when I woke up the Hellcop was there and he killed everyone except me. Even my dog. Then he brought me down here.

Charlie looks at the picture. It shows a WOMAN, THREE CHILDREN and a DOG standing around a STATION WAGON which has a TRAILER attached. It's parked near the edge of the Grand Canyon. The Children look to be about six, eight and ten. The youngest looks like a smaller version of the Adam we see now.

Charlie, affected by the utter sadness of the moment gives the photo back to Adam.

ADAM
My Daddy took the picture. I don't remember what he looked like.

CHARLIE
What happened after you got here?

ADAM
Beezle took care of me.

CHARLIE
How did he get you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM
Hellcop brought me to him.

CHARLIE
What does Beezle do down here?

ADAM
He fixes stuff. He's gonna teach me how, too.

Charlie pulls out his wallet. He takes out a PICTURE of Rachel and hands it to Adam. A kind of big brother - little brother bonding is taking place here.

CHARLIE
Have you seen her, Adam?

Adam shakes his head. He stares at the picture, smitten.

CHARLIE
That's Rachel. My girlfriend. Hellcop has her now.

Adam looks at the picture a moment more and then turns to Charlie, very serious.

ADAM
She's pretty, Charlie. We better go get her.

CHARLIE
You said it.

Charlie glances back in the direction of the two lane, dreading the prospects.

CHARLIE
After I get Rachel and I leave here, do you want to go with me?

ADAM
Yeah, Charlie. I do.

CHARLIE
Okay.

ADAM
Cross your heart?

CHARLIE
And hope to die.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Adam spits into his palm and extends his hand. Charlie spits into his own and they shake hands, sealing the bargain. Spit brothers so to speak.

Charlie looks back toward the road and REVS the engine, renewed confidence showing on his face.

CHARLIE
Let's give 'em Hell.

ADAM
Hit it.

Charlie hits the gas but immediately stops.

CHARLIE
What am I doing. I can't even see.

ADAM
(pointing)
I can. That way.

Adam seems so confident that Charlie rolls forward. After a few seconds, the black rain suddenly stops. They CHEER and Charlie floors it. Full speed ahead.

86 EXT. JIMMY HOFFA'S - DAY 86

Bar & Grill by day. Road House by night. The building is low, rambling and shady looking. A strange pair of ANIMAL HORNS are nailed over the entrance.

There are a few cars in the lot, but two stand out. A space-age BLACK SPORTSCAR and Hellcop's Cruiser. Rachel can be seen in the back. Hellcop must be inside.

A fat COOK wearing an apron steps out of Hoffa's carrying TWO EGGS. He wipes the sweat from his brow, kneels down and cracks the eggs onto the start of a SIDEWALK. They begin to fry.

PAN THE SIDEWALK. We knew it was hot, but there are also sizzling BURGERS, STEAKS and BACON and boiling COFFEE.

We hear the familiar ROAR of the Ford's engine heralding its arrival. The Cook looks up to see the Ford skid to a stop alongside Hellcop's Cruiser. The Cook hurries inside.

Charlie gets out of the Ford, shotgun ready.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
(to Adam)
You and Ben stay in the car.

Charlie rushes over to the Cruiser. Rachel looks up. When she sees Charlie her face brightens considerably. She says his name, but we can only read her lips. Sound doesn't seem to pass out of the Cruiser. She spreads the fingers of her free hand against the glass. Charlie covers her hand with his from the other side. A desperately poignant moment. Charlie pulls his hand away.

CHARLIE
Get back!

Rachel can't hear him, but she understands when he MOTIONS her back. She scoots over to the other side of the car.

Charlie, holding the sawed-off by the barrel, swings the pommel end into the window. CRACK! CRACK! One last mighty swing and the glass gives way, shattering.

Charlie reaches into the Cruiser. Rachel slides over and gives him a one arm hug.

RACHEL
I knew you'd come, Charlie. I knew it.

Charlie pulls himself out of Rachel's grasp and takes a look at the handcuffs. He grabs hold of the hand around Rachel's wrist and tries to pry the fingers loose.

RACHEL
It's too strong to pull off.

CHARLIE
Lean away.

Charlie rests the shotgun's twin barrels against the back of the hand which is holding onto the rollbar. Charlie is about to fire when...

ADAM'S VOICE
Charlie! He's here!

Charlie pulls out of the window and turns to face...

HELLCOP

Standing by the door into Hoffa's.

PARKING LOT

As Hellcop starts walking toward Charlie, Mr. Ben climbs out onto the hood of the Ford. He GROWLS rabidly. Adam climbs out alongside of him.

CHARLIE
Stay, Ben! Hold him, Adam!

Adam grabs his collar. Hellcop continues toward Charlie. His service revolver is not drawn. Charlie levels the shotgun at him. Hellcop doesn't feel threatened.

CHARLIE
What do you think? It ain't gonna hurt?

Charlie FIRES the first barrel at nearly point blank range. The buckshot rips into Hellcop's chest and abdomen, sending him stumbling back. He loses his footing and falls flat on his back. There is no blood, but a good section of his chest has been ripped open.

Charlie advances on him, cocking the hammer back on the second barrel. Hellcop pushes himself up into a sitting position. That was definately a surprise.

CHARLIE
You want some more?

Charlie aims at his head. Hellcop instinctively covers his face with his forearm. Or is it his sunglasses?

Charlie FIRES again. Buckshot tears through Hellcop's arm, neck, cheeks and shoulders. He slumps back.

Charlie breaks open the gun and pulls out the two spent casings. He slides in two more. Charlie slaps the breech shut, but before he can aim, Hellcop has drawn his revolver and pointed it at Charlie.

There is a frozen moment as Charlie realizes that he's a dead man. Charlie moves to aim the shotgun and Hellcop FIRES. The slug hits Charlie dead center in the chest. The force of the blast knocks him off his feet and back toward the Cruiser. He lands a few feet away, the entire front of his t-shirt already crimson.

RACHEL
Charlie!

Rachel can hardly believe her eyes. It's all too cruel an ending. Adam and Mr. Ben are stunned as well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hellcop gets to his feet. He's been hurt, but not nearly bad enough. He walks to the Cruiser, stepping over Charlie along the way. The seams for the driver's door appear after he makes the brief hand gesture we saw earlier.

Mr. Ben bares his fangs, breaks Adam's grip and bounds after him, but Hellcop has opened the door and climbed in.

Mr. Ben throws himself against the car, trying to bite through the glass. Hellcop revs and tears away, his cherry lights spinning in mighty authority.

Rachel stares through the back windshield in shock at Charlie's broken form. The Cruiser speeds away like a bat out of Hell.

Adam climbs down off the hood and runs over to Charlie.

VOICE
Hello, Adam.

Adam looks up.

DOORWAY/HOFFA'S

Beezle is standing there. He still wears his boots and chews a toothpick, but his overalls have been replaced by LEATHER PANTS and a LEATHER JACKET.

MOVE WITH Beezle as he walks over to Charlie and Adam. Mr. Ben GROWLS, but keeps his distance.

BEEZLE
Where were you?

ADAM
(uncomfortable)
I went for a ride with Charlie. I was gonna come back.

Beezle kneels down beside Charlie. He takes off his jacket and gently slides it under Charlie's head. Charlie's eyes open wearily. He focuses on Beezle, recognizes him.

BEEZLE
You're leaking more than oil this time, Charlie Sykes.

Beezle gently tears at the t-shirt to get a better look at Charlie's massive wound. Charlie is momentarily wracked with pain. A thin stream of blood trickles out his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
(thickly)
I guess you won't be able to fix this.

BEEZLE
(smiles)
On the contrary. I can fix anything. Cars. People. Horse races. Don't worry...

Charlie's eyes grow heavy and he passes out.

ADAM
Is he gonna be okay?

Beezle looks at Charlie a moment, considering. Then he looks across at Adam.

BEEZLE
That depends, Adam. You promise not to go on any more rides?
(Adam nods)
Promise not to leave me again?
(Adam nods)
Then let me hear you say it.

ADAM
I promise.

BEEZLE
Good. Let's get our friend inside.

87 INT. JIMMY HOFFA'S - DAY 87

Smokey and dark with low ceilings. A beautiful old Wurlitzer JUKE BOX sits in the corner playing Frank Sinatra's version of "That Old Black Magic." There is a long BAR. The Cook is behind it cleaning glasses. The phone RINGS. He answers it.

COOK
Hoffa's... Naw, Jimmy ain't here.

He hangs it up and gets back to his glasses.

At a table four men are playing cards, they are HITLER, NAPOLEAN, STALIN and KOMEINY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beyond them is a POOL TABLE. Charlie lies across the top of it. He appears to be sleeping soundly. His t-shirt has been cut away revealing a miracle. Not only has his wound been closed, but the only evidence that there even was one is a white SCAR on Charlie's chest.

Slowly, Charlie starts to come around. He opens his eyes, tries to focus. Instinctively reaching for his chest, he's quite surprised to find it whole.

Charlie gets off the table. He double takes the card players, but they have no interest in him. We hear barking from outside. Charlie goes to the window to look.

88 EXT. JIMMY HOFFA'S - DAY 88

Adam and Beezle are tossing a ball back and forth. Mr. Ben barks every time Adam catches it.

ADAM
I wish we could always play.

BEEZLE
So do I, Adam, but we don't have the time. You still have a lot to learn.

ADAM
I wish there were other kids here.

BEEZLE
What else would you like?

ADAM
Chocolate ice cream, a bike, stuff like that.

BEEZLE
Would you like a mother?

ADAM
(unsure)
I don't know.

Beezle sees Charlie looking through the window. He intentionally throws the ball over Adam's head. Mr. Ben and Adam chase after it while Beezle walks back inside.

89 INT. HOFFA'S - DAY 89

Beezle heads over to the bar. TWO sexy WILD WOMEN join him as he sits facing Charlie. The Cook brings him a STYX BEER.

BEEZLE
Good to have you back. How are you feeling?

CHARLIE
Fine. I guess. I can't believe I'm alive.

Charlie starts to make his way toward Beezle, a little unsteady on his feet.

BEEZLE
You should have died. But the bullet didn't pierce your soul.

CHARLIE
Huh?

BEEZLE
You got heart, Kid.

Charlie reaches Beezle. The Wild Women smile at him. Beezle gestures as though he were offering the women to Charlie, but Charlie doesn't respond.

BEEZLE
Leave us alone for a few minutes.

The Girls walk away, casting back willing glances at Charlie as they go.

BEEZLE
Sit down and have a beer, Charlie. I'm buying.

Charlie sits down beside Beezle. The Cook comes over and pours a bottle of Styx Beer into a frosty mug. The foam spills over the lip and runs down the side of the mug. When it hits the counter it begins to BURN in, like acid.

CHARLIE
Ahh... No thanks.

Beezle shrugs and takes another sip of his own Styx. The record changes on the juke box. It's still Frank Sinatra, but now the song is "Witchcraft". Charlie is still in a sort of fog.

CHARLIE
How long have I been out for?

CONTINUED:

BEEZLE
About an hour.

Charlie jumps to his feet, the fog rapidly clearing.

CHARLIE
Christ!
(Beezle winces)
It's only 200 miles to Hell.
I'll never catch up.

Beezle stands and puts a comforting hand on Charlie's shoulder.

BEEZLE
(persuasive)
You're right. Forget about her.
Get in your car and go back to
where you came from. There must
be a million girls there just like
Rachel.

CHARLIE
You're wrong. She's it.

Charlie starts for the door.

BEEZLE
Where are you going?

CHARLIE
After them. Maybe he stopped.
Maybe he broke down. Maybe I
still have a chance. Who knows?

BEEZLE
Charlie...

Something about the way Beezle says the name makes Charlie stop dead in his tracks. He turns and he looks back.

BEEZLE
She really means that much to you?

Charlie nods.

BEEZLE
Strange. I envy you. I've never
felt that way about a woman...
There may still be a way, my
friend. A short cut. I love
short cuts. They seem so easy,
but there's always a catch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie takes several steps toward Beezle.

CHARLIE
Where?

BEEZLE
Nearby. It's a road that was down here before anything else was built. I expect it'll still be here after all this is gone. It goes straight to Route 6-66 and that goes straight to Hell City.

CHARLIE
Why wouldn't Hellcop take it?

BEEZLE
No one takes it. Not even him.

CHARLIE
Why?

BEEZLE
He's afraid. You should be, too. It's the road to nowhere.

CHARLIE
Just tell me how to find it.

90 EXT. JIMMY HOFFA'S - DAY 90

Adam half-heartedly throws the ball for Mr. Ben to fetch. In the distance, we suddenly hear the roar of approaching vehicles. Adam stops to listen. His expression becomes fearful and he hurries for the entrance of Hoffa's looking for a place to hide.

At that moment, Charlie and Beezle appear in the doorway on their way out. Adam forgets about the sound.

ADAM
Charlie!

Adam rushes up to him, just stopping short of hugging him. Mr. Ben rushes over and starts licking.

CHARLIE
Let's go, Adam. We're gonna get Rachel.

Adam doesn't move. He just looks to the ground, ashamed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEEZLE
Adam's staying with me. He's my apprentice.

The approaching sound turns out to be Royce and his gang. They pull up and stop their motorcycles about fifty yards away. Royce dismounts and takes a few steps forward. He stops, watching Charlie and Beezle, his mind not right.

Charlie looks from Royce back to Beezle. There's still urgent business at hand.

CHARLIE
Maybe we should ask Adam what he wants to do.

BEEZLE
I've done quite a bit to help you, Charlie. You shouldn't be so rude.

Charlie considers and then looks back at Adam.

CHARLIE
Adam?

ADAM
I'm stayin', Charlie. There's a lot of stuff I gotta learn.

CHARLIE
Are you sure?

ADAM
(looks at Beezle)
Uh huh.

Charlie pauses. Something's not right here, but he doesn't have any time to figure it out. He takes one last look at the assembled congregation.

BEEZLE
Time's a wastin'.

CHARLIE
(to Adam)
I'll see you around, Kid...
Come on, Ben.

Charlie and Ben run over to the Ford. Charlie bends down to pick up his shotgun which is still on the ground where he dropped it. He looks back at Beezle and then hops in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beezle and Adam watch as Charlie starts the car and tears away.

BEEZLE
He didn't even say thank you.

Royce struts over toward Beezle like he was cock of the walk. Beezle meets his gaze evenly.

Adam steps close to Beezle. Royce obviously makes him nervous.

Beezle and Royce stare each other down. Royce looks away first, his gaze going down to Adam. Adam sticks his tongue out at him and then quickly steps behind Beezle. From the look on Royce's face we have to believe that if Beezle wasn't between them Royce would kill Adam in a heartbeat.

Royce looks back to Beezle and then turns and stalks back over to his bike. He kick starts it to life and then takes off, leading his gang in the same direction that Charlie went. Beezle watches them go and then looks down at Adam.

BEEZLE
Ready for your next lesson?

Adam nods. Beezle looks up to where Royce's Falcon lands on Hoffa's roof. Adam follows his gaze.

ROOFTOP

Out of nowhere, a huge BIRD OF PREY swoops down and silently obliterates the Falcon with one slash of its mighty TALONS. A few FEATHERS flutter toward the ground. That's all that's left.

Beezle looks at Adam for a very serious moment. Then he smiles and pats him on the head, tousling his hair. Adam smiles back.

91 EXT. FORD - HIGHWAY 61 - DAY 91

Charlie is back on the main drag. It's as wild as ever. He passes a SIGN which reads, Road To Nowhere, Next Exit.

There's a ROAR as Royce and the boys roll up along either side of the Ford.

ROYCE
PULL OVER!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie shakes his head. He's not stopping for anyone but Rachel. Enraged, Royce produces a small MACE at the end of a chain. He swings into the hood with force. The rest of the gang follow suit. Glass flies. In a few moments even the dents have dents.

ROYCE
YOU OWE ME! NOW PULL OVER!

CHARLIE
I CAN'T!

There's the exit. Charlie punches it. The dual four-barrels kick in and he starts to pull away.

92 EXT. EXIT RAMP - HIGHWAY 61 - DAY 92

Smoothly paved, it bends around a corner. The Bikers are right on the Ford's tail. Several guns are raised. The moment the road straightens out the pavement ends and a lonely dirt road begins. Charlie never slows, but all the Bikers, Royce included, hit their handbrakes hard. They SQUEAL their way to a stop just before the point where the pavement ends. They watch as the Ford disappears, but no one dares to follow.

93 EXT. THE ROAD TO NOWHERE - DAY 93

A dirt road through the middle of a desert. The RUSTING HULKS of old vehicles line the road. A hot WIND blows across the sand exposing the BLEACHED BONES of travelers who came before. FLAMES soar skywards from FISSURES in the ground. This is not going to be a fun place. Charlie continues, picking up speed as he goes.

94 EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD TO NOWHERE - DAY 94

The sun bakes down on the Ford which is parked by the side of the road. The hood has been folded up from the side. Charlie is draining a gallon of antifreeze into the radiator. He looks up toward the sun and wipes his brow. A hot breeze begins to stir the dust at Charlie's feet.

Charlie closes the hood and gets back into the Ford. He gives Ben a drink from the canteen and then takes one himself. It's the last drop.

CHARLIE
What's the big deal, Ben? It's just hotter than anywhere else.

95 EXT. EVEN FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD TO NOWHERE - DAY 95

We see the road from a distance at first. The Ford sends up a cloud of DUST which is only slightly thicker than the duststorm that's beginning to rage.

96 INT. FORD - THE ROAD TO NOWHERE - DAY 96

There's so much dust Charlie is wearing a bandana over his mouth. Through the dust he thinks he sees something.

WHAT CHARLIE SEES:

An old weather-beaten FARM HOUSE. Set off the road a few hundred yards, there's a dark vehicle parked out front. Through the swirling maelstrom it's difficult to make out anything more.

97 EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY 97

The Ford slows and stops across from the house. Charlie squints for one last look before continuing on his way.

DARK VEHICLE

A little clearer. A cherry light now visible on the hood. It's Hellcop's Cruiser!

98 INT. FORD - THE FARMHOUSE - DAY 98

Charlie whips the wheel around as he turns off the road and drives for...

99 EXT. THE FARM HOUSE - DAY 99

Clapboards are missing, the paint long since stripped away. Half the roof shingles are gone, a shutter bangs in the wind, and dust has buried the first three step to the front porch. Hellcop's empty Cruiser is parked right out front.

The Ford parks. Charlie grabs the shotgun and gets out.

CHARLIE
Stay, Ben. Stay.

Mr. Ben WHINES anxiously, but he obeys.

MOVE WITH Charlie. He moves forward cautiously. Up the front steps he looks through a window.

WHAT HE SEES:

A deserted front hallway.

CHARLIE

Pushes open the front door and enters the house barrel first.

100 INT. HALLWAY - FARMHOUSE - DAY 100

The floor is covered with a thin coat of dust. It reveals two sets of footprints, one large and one small. They cross the floor and lead up a flight of steps. The wind blowing through the front door is already erasing them.

Charlie closes the door behind him and starts up the stairs. The creaky steps make stealth impossible so Charlie abandons that tactic and just gets up them quickly. Charlie stops on the landing, ready for anything. But nothing comes. The only sound is that of the wind. Charlie follows the footsteps down...

101 INT. HALLWAY TWO - FARMHOUSE - DAY 101

The footsteps lead down the hall and through an open door on the right.

CHARLIE

Pauses for a moment to cock the hammers back on the shotgun. He moves forward and looks through the...

DOORWAY

It frames Rachel who is inside the room. She sits in a chair, her arms and legs bound and her mouth gagged. She stares at the floor, all hope gone.

Charlie is at the doorway. He leans forward to look through and spots Rachel.

At the moment he starts in, she looks up and sees him. The look in Rachel's eyes tells Charlie to watch out. He instinctively jumps away as Hellcop's billy club comes slicing down from behind the doorway. The shotgun is knocked from his hands as Charlie stumbles back.

Hellcop steps from around the corner swinging. He's not quite through the doorway though so the billy club tears through the transom.

HALLWAY

Charlie ducks as the next swing cuts a swath through the wall behind him. Charlie goes for his left, but Hellcop catches him by the arm and flings him through the doorway and into...

102 INT. BEDROOM - FARMHOUSE - DAY 102

Charlie lands at Rachel's feet. He starts to get up, but Hellcop is right there hauling him to his feet and hurling him into a wall. The plaster cracks as Charlie makes impact. Charlie collapses, but Hellcop is right there yanking him off the floor.

CHARLIE & HELLCOP

Hellcop jams Charlie against the wall with one hand and backhands him across the mouth with the other. Blood runs down one of Charlie's nostrils and his lip is split.

CHARLIE'S RIGHT HAND

Tries to push Hellcop away, but it's no use. The hand drops down near Hellcop's utility belt. It brushes against the Tayser Gun.

RACHEL

Twisting in her chair, straining to see.

CHARLIE & HELLCOP

Hellcop hits Charlie again. Charlie turns his head back. He defiantly spits a mouthful of bloody saliva and a tooth into Hellcop's face. Hellcop gets a firm grip on each of Charlie's shoulders.

CHARLIE'S RIGHT HAND

Closing on the handle of the Tayser gun.

THE ROOM

Hellcop flings Charlie across with all his might. Charlie soars past Rachel and slams into the other wall. He drops to the floor unconscious.

Hellcop advances, ready to make the final kill. Just before he reaches him, Charlie sits up. He holds the Tayser gun, pointing it at Hellcop. He FIRES.

HELLCOP

His body goes rigid as the electrical charge surrounds and burns into him. Like the Cop at Pluto's, his astral body sinks through the floor and disappears. All that's left are some clothes, dust and the infamous sunglasses.

THE ROOM

The first good look we've had. Once someone's bedroom, it still holds a ratty old bed and dresser.

Charlie gets to his feet and staggers over to Rachel. He pulls out the gag and quickly unties her.

RACHEL
You got the sonofabitch, Charlie. You got him.

Rachel stands and they embrace.

CHARLIE
God, I'm so happy to see you. I never thought I'd catch up.

They kiss. Charlie moves to break off, but Rachel won't let him. The kiss becomes hot and erotic. Finally, she lets go. Charlie seems a little dizzy. He looks around the room, trying to get his bearings.

CHARLIE
What is this place? Why'd he bring you here?

RACHEL
It was someone's bedroom. It could be our bedroom.

Rachel takes Charlie by the hand and leads him over to the bed. It's a little dirty, but still worthy. There's another long, hot kiss. The blood around Charlie's mouth only seems to excite Rachel further.

RACHEL
Make love to me, Charlie.

Rachel tries to maneuver Charlie onto the bed, but he resists and pulls away. Confused he digs into his pocket for something he understands. Rachel's charm bracelet. He holds it out to her.

CHARLIE
I bet you thought you lost it. I found it on the road. I've been waiting to give it back to you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rachel takes the charm bracelet and considers it for a moment. Then she casually tosses it away. It skitters across the floor.

CHARLIE
Come to the bed.

Rachel moves to drape her arms around Charlie's neck, but he ducks under them and goes over to retrieve the bracelet. Something isn't right here. Rachel follows.

The bracelet has landed by Hellcop's sunglasses. As Charlie squats to pick it up, Rachel puts her hand on his shoulder. Charlie sees something that makes him freeze.

WHAT CHARLIE SEES:

Their REFLECTION in the sunglasses. Charlie isn't bending down in front of Rachel. There's a hideous red-eyed DEMON behind him, its monstrous paw resting on his shoulder.

CHARLIE & RACHEL

He pushes Rachel's hand away, repulsed. To the naked eye she still looks as beautiful as ever. She follows his gaze to the glasses and realizes that the game is up.

RACHEL CLONE
(shrugs)
It really is only skin deep, isn't it?

And with that Rachel's face and body split open wide like a cocoon and the DEMON bursts out. It leaps for Charlie, slamming him to the ground.

Charlie hangs on to the sides of It's head, desperately trying to keep the snapping jaws away from his throat.

Charlie manages to slide his own hands down around the Demon's throat. He squeezes for all he's worth. It's strength against strength. The Demon's jaws snap just out of reach of Charlie's carotid artery.

The Demon begins twisting and turning violently. The two Combatants roll across the ground. The Demon lashes out with its paw, slashing Charlie's shoulder open. Charlie tries to get to his feet, but he stumbles and sprawls back onto the floor. The shotgun is in the doorway only a few feet away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Demon pounces forward. Its jaws snap down for the kill. Somehow Charlie blocks it with a bloodied forearm. His hand reaches back. He gets the shotgun by the barrel.

The Demon makes one final lunge as Charlie swings the gun. The pommel catches the Demon in the head. It pulls back, but Charlie lets it have it again.

The Demon and Charlie both get to their feet. Charlie points the barrel the other way. BLAM! The Demon staggers back almost to the bed. Charlie steps forward. BLAM! The Demon falls back onto the bed. But instead of landing on the mattress, it falls through it taking the blankets with.

Charlie steps up to look at...

THE BED

Not a bed at all. It's the top of a PIT leading down to a lower level of Hell. It's littered with bones and debris. Miserable BASTARDS huddle in corners trying to stay out of the way of the flames.

CHARLIE

Leaps back as a blast of FIRE shoots up from the pit. He turns, scoops up the bracelet and starts out of the room. As he passes Hellcop's remains, they shimmer and disappear.

103 EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY 103

Charlie runs over to the Ford. He climbs in and watches as the Cruiser also shimmers and disappears. Charlie starts the engine and heads back to the road.

104 EXT. ROAD TO NOWHERE - DAY 104

The Ford flies along. The road's condition has improved and the duststorm has let up. Charlie whips past a SIGN reading ROUTE 6-66 1 mile.

105 EXT. ON RAMP - ROUTE 6-66 - DAY 105

The Ford travels up the ramp. B.g. we see the HUNDREDS of CONCRETE PILLARS which support this part of Route 6-66. We can't see the road itself, but it must be massive.

106 EXT. ROUTE 6-66 - DAY 106

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW of a freeway whose size is unrivaled. THIRTEEN ROADS all coming from different angles merge to form a tremendous thirteen lane East-bound expressway. There is ONE LANE travelling West, but it's empty.

THIRTEEN EAST

This is what the neurons of the insane must look like. There are thousands of cars, all trying to maneuver the myriad of exits, merges, road crews and traffic signs, one of which states Minimum Speed 110 mph. It's a wild scene, bumper to bumper TRAFFIC moving at breakneck speeds. The volume of mostly unmuffled autos is deafening.

THE FORD

Hits the brief merge lane doing about 80. Charlie tries to speed up, but there isn't enough road left. He slams into the side of a BUICK jolting it into the next lane. The Ford is in turn bumped from behind by a VAN.

ANGLE AHEAD

Hundreds of BRAKE LIGHTS flash. Four thousand locked tires begin SKIDDING across the pavement. This is madness.

107 INT. FORD - ROUTE 6-66 - DAY 107

Charlie hits the brakes. He and Ben come to an aircraft carrier stop, but don't hit anything. All around there is the CRUNCH of cars rear-ending each other.

Almost immediately the traffic starts forward, resuming 100mph+ speeds in less than ten seconds. Charlie SCREAMS out in near psychotic-exhiliration. The only way to beat this road is to join it.

108 EXT. ROUTE 6-66 - DAY 108

A red glow is cast over everything. Charlie strains to see. There it is!

A GLIMPSE OF HELLCOP'S CRUISER

The real deal. It slices between two cars a few lengths ahead. It then passes under an EXIT SIGN suspended over the freeway reads, Styx River Bridge. Gates Of Hell. Official Use Only.

109 INT. FORD - ROUTE 6-66 - DAY 109

It's crunch time. Charlie grits his teeth and drives.

110 EXT. EXIT RAMP - ROUTE 6-66 - DAY 110

The Cruiser zooms up. Charlie follows. No other cars take this ramp. Charlie closes in. Rachel turns and sees him through the rear window of the Cruiser.

Up ahead, we see the approaching BRIDGE. Just a few moments away...

111 EXT. STYX RIVER BRIDGE - DAY 111

Two-tiered. The upper section is for Hellcop while the lower is a footbridge. It's crammed with THE DEAD making their way across to the walled HELL CITY. The river below is black and in spots on FIRE. A huge WRECKING YARD forms the ultimate destination of Route 6-66. The Dead then make their way up to the footbridge to get across the river.

START OF BRIDGE

The moment the Cruiser hits the bridge a field of angled STEEL SPIKES spring up behind it. Charlie slams on the brakes and slides to a stop just before being impaled. He can only watch as the Cruiser continues across the bridge.

Charlie grabs the shotgun and hops out followed by Ben. They squeeze past the spikes and continue the pursuit on foot. The Cruiser has already disappeared over the bridge's hump.

112 EXT. END OF THE BRIDGE - DAY 112

The bridge veers off in two directions with the lower section going toward the Gates Of Hell and the upper heading for the massive wall which surrounds Hell City. The Cruiser roars off the bridge and heads toward...

THE WALL

White lettering marks the wall left of the gate. It reads <u>Official Business Only</u>. The Cruiser hurtles toward this spot, no slow down in sight. Rachel watches over Hellcop's shoulder. They are going to die.

She looks away just before impact, but the Cruiser passes through like the wall wasn't even there.

113 EXT. BONE ALLEY - HELL CITY - DAY 113

Dark and dank. Rachel stares back at the other side of the wall as they continue along.

114 EXT. STYX RIVER BRIDGE - DAY 114

Charlie comes up over the hump, breathing hard. The Cruiser is already out of sight. Charlie and Ben continue their run.

115 EXT. THE GATES OF HELL - DAY 115

Formed by two massive slabs of BLACK ONYX. They have both been swung open as wide as they can go. The ARCHWAY over them is twenty feet high, spanning a width of fifty feet. An inscription has been chiseled into it. Yes, it really does read, Abandon Hope All Ye Who Enter Here. The Wall itself is topped with BARBED WIRE. Several SKELETONS are hung up in it, the remains of failed escape attempts.

CEREBUS, the three-headed hellhound, stands guard. He is huge, about 400 pounds, and is chained to a stake near the gates. The chain LINKS are two inches in diameter. We can tell how far it will let him roam because Cerebus has worn a foot-deep semi-circle depression into the FLAGSTONES. He watches over the Dead Throngs passing through the gates.

Charlie takes a quick look around. No Cruiser in sight.

CHARLIE
They must've gone in. The old man said we had to get her before that.

Mr. Ben WHINES and then BARKS, urging Charlie on.

CHARLIE
You're right. Rules were meant to be broken.

Charlie and Ben join the others and head for the gate.

As they approach, Cerebus steps in front of them snapping his mighty jaws in warning. The dead are okay, but he doesn't want Charlie coming in.

Mr. Ben challenges Cerebus. He snaps, snarls and foams, calling the big C on. Charlie raises the shotgun.

CHARLIE
Get away from there, Ben!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cerebus eyes Ben sideways, but still blocks Charlie. That seems to be his prime directive. At this moment Ben moves around within reach by Cerebus' flank, lifts his leg and PEES. On Cerebus' turf. This is too much.

Cerebus bounds after Ben. Ben hightails it away from the gate. Cerebus' chain snaps taut as he just comes up short, all three mouths foaming.

The gate is momentarilly unguarded. Charlie makes a mad dash and passes through to...

115 EXT. PARADISE LOST BOULEVARD - HELL CITY - DAY 116

The pedestrian traffic is snarled. The Dead are all moving towari a row of TURNSTILES which lead to some sort of immigration processing center.

Charlie breaks away and runs down the boulevard. He's not sure where he wants to go, but he knows what he wants to avoid. He cuts down the first side alley he finds.

117 EXT. DAMNATION ALLEY - HELL CITY - DAY 117

A short stretch. Dark hopeless figures huddle in the shadows. These are truly THE DAMNED. They watch Charlie warily. He hurries past them and exits out across from...

118 EXT. HELL GOVERNMENT CENTER - DAY 118

Across a deserted PLAZA, it's dominated by two buildings. In the center of the plaza is an elaborate FOUNTAIN, but instead of shooting up water it shoots up flames.

HELL CITY HALL

It looks like the temple of Athena except each and every pillar is entwined by a SERPENT.

HELL CITY POLICE STATION

Identified by the large PENTAGRAM BADGE over the entrance, this building is windowless and imposing. There is a small PARKING AREA in front. There's one space with an onyx FOOTING into which the name "Sgt. Charon" has been carved. HELLCOP'S CRUISER is parked there.

CHARLIE

Starts across the plaza. Suddenly he pulls up short and ducks behind the fountain.

THE REASON WHY:

Hellcop exits City Hall alone. He crosses past his car and then enters the police station. Rachel is nowhere in sight.

PLAZA

Charlie waits a moment and then approaches the two buildings. Which will it be? Deciding, he starts up the steps of Hell City Hall. He disappears inside.

119 INT. MAIN LOBBY - HELL CITY HALL - DAY 119

The lobby is crowded with BUREAUCRATS going about their business. Charlie enters just in time to see the doors closing on...

THE MAIN ELEVATOR

Rachel is inside with TWO CITY OFFICIALS. The doors close before she sees...

CHARLIE

But he's seen her. Charlie rushes over to the elevator. He hits the buttons, but he's too late. The elevator DIAL starts moving up. There are 5 upper floors and 15 lower.

VOICE
Hey, you!

LOBBY

Charlie looks to his left. FIVE SAYTRS in 3-piece suits are staring at him. Saytr 2 eyes at a cut on Charlie's hand.

SAYTR 1
Who are you?! What are you doing here?!

CHARLIE
I'm... I'm here on business.

SAYTR 2
He's alive!

Activity in the lobby comes to an abrupt stop. Everyone looks over at Charlie. A WHISPER goes through the room, then a communal SHOUT as everyone rushes at Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie runs for his life. This crowd is ready to tear him apart. Charlie heads for a side door marked Stairs. He pulls the door open and bursts into the...

120 INT. STAIRWELL - DAY 120

Charlie bolts up the stairs.

121 INT. LOBBY - DAY 121

The door Charlie went through swings out. However, so many angry city workers are crowded around the door that they're having trouble getting it open. Finally, the press is so great that the door bursts open and the pursuit continues.

122 INT. 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - HELL CITY HALL - DAY 122

A tall, very OLD JANITOR mops the floor. His head down, he seems very intent on his work. Whatever he has on his MOP seems to burn the dirt right off the floor.

Charlie bursts through the stairwell door and then slams it shut behind him.

CHARLIE
Excuse me.

Charlie takes the Old Janitor's mop and jams the handle through the handle on the door thereby wedging it shut.

The Janitor watches thoughtfully as Charlie runs down the hall. Only now does Charlie realize that this hall goes nowhere. It ends in a blank wall and the only door is the one to the janitor's closet.

Pounding begins on the stairwell door. Charlie trots back over. More pounding. The frame is about to give in. In desperation, Charlie looks to the Janitor. Despite his advanced age, his eyes sparkle.

CHARLIE
Please. What do I do?

JANITOR
Quick, get in the closet.

Charlie stares at him a moment. Something odd is going on. (The most astute audience member may realize that this is Beezle. Charlie doesn't.) Part of the door frame splits. Charlie will have to trust him. He jumps into the...

123 INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - DAY 123

Filled with buckets, mop heads, a sink, and bottles of cleaning fluid. Charlie closes the door behind him. He listens to the sound of the stairwell door bursting open. Thirty or forty pairs of feet pound by the door and fade away down the hall. Soon it's very quiet.

Charlie waits a moment and then tries to open the door for a peek. It won't budge. He turns the handle and leans against it. Nothing. He listens. It's quiet as a church.

Taking a chance, Charlie puts his shoulder into it. BAM! No good. He tries again. Again. CRASH! The door flies open and Charlie stumbles into...

124 INT. RACHEL'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY 124

Previously an office, the desk, chairs and filing cabinets have been pushed into a corner, replaced by a VANITY TABLE and a rack of sexy DRESSES.

Rachel sits by the vanity. She looks up, her eyes have finally given into the tears.

RACHEL
(leaping to her feet)
Charlie!

Charlie looks behind him. Instead of the closet, he's standing in another hallway. Rachel rushes forward. Charlie levels the gun at her and she stops short.

RACHEL
I thought you were dead.

Charlie looks over her shoulder at the vanity. We see the reflection of Rachel's back.

CHARLIE
Turn around and face the mirror.

RACHEL
What?

CHARLIE
Just do it.

Rachel turns. It's her reflection. Charlie lowers the gun, reaches into his pocket and pulls out the bracelet.

CHARLIE
I've been looking all over for you. You dropped this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They fall into an embrace. Neither quite believing it. Charlie looks around the room.

RACHEL
They told me to get dressed. That it was time to meet my new employer.

CHARLIE
Let's get out of here.

Rachel nods. They turn and step out into...

125 INT. HALLWAY TWO - DAY 125

Charlie doesn't believe it, but there's no time to figure it out now. The hallway is deserted. They hurry down to the elevator. Charlie hits the button. He aims the shotgun as the elevator doors open, but there's no one inside. Charlie and Rachel jump in and the doors close behind them.

126 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY 126

Charlie hits the button for the lobby.

CHARLIE
When the doors open stick with me and run like the devil.

Rachel nods. The elevator lurches to a stop. Every muscle is tensed. The doors slide open and Charlie and Rachel fly out into...

127 INT. THE MAIN LOBBY - DAY 127

Charlie and Rachel sprint across it, but they're spotted almost immediately. Hell's Bureaucrats give chase.

128 EXT. HELL CITY HALL - DAY 128

Charlie and Rachel bound down the steps into the plaza. About twenty of the Damned mill around the fountain. They spot Charlie and Rachel. Taking up the cry THEY'RE ALIVE!, the Damned move to meet them head-on.

Charlie and Rachel turn. The only way to go is toward the Police Station. They run in that direction, but soon see more of the Damned up ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
This way!

Rachel leads the way to Hellcop's Cruiser. It forms an island in a sea of very angry inhabitants of Hell. They close in.

RACHEL
I can get it open.

Rachel makes an attempt at the hand sign that Hellcop used to open the door. Nothing happens. Again. Nothing.

The Damned close in from all sides. Charlie FIRES a shot into the air. They keep coming.

Rachel keeps trying, varying her technique slightly each time.

The Mob surges close on one side. Charlie has no choice, but to FIRE into it. Three of the Damned are hit. One goes down wounded, but two others are killed. Like we've seen before, their spirits sink down into the ground and their dust remains behind.

CHARLIE
Who's next?!

The Mob stops advancing. No one else wants to get it.

CHARLIE
(low, to Rachel)
I gotta reload. Come on.

Charlie keeps the gun on them, bluffing it. Someone throws a bottle. It SMASHES against the Cruiser. More DEBRIS follows. Finally, Rachel gets it right. The seams appear. She climbs in the Cruiser followed quickly by Charlie. He slams the door shut and the seams disappear.

129 INT. CRUISER - HELL CITY HALL - DAY 129

The Mob charges forward in a rage, furious over Charlie and Rachel's intact mortality. They pound on the Cruiser leaving bloody palm prints in their frenzy. Their mottled faces leer in, the hatred obvious

Charlie checks the steering column, but Hellcop hasn't left the keys behind.

CHARLIE
How do we start it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rachel reaches beneath the steering column and pulls out a mass of wires.

RACHEL
I think I can hotwire it.

CHARLIE
Rachel, this car didn't come from Detroit.

THE MOB

Suddenly parts, forming the walls of a narrow corridor leading to the driver's side door. The reason why is that Hellcop is here. He strides purposefully toward...

THE CRUISER

Charlie sees him coming.

CHARLIE
Rache, it's now or --

VVRRROOOOOMM! The roar of the Cruiser's engine drowns Charlie out. Rachel did it!

Hellcop reaches for the door. Charlie hits the gas and they pull away just in time.

130 EXT. PLAZA - DAY 130

The Cruiser tears across it. The Mob thunders after them.

131 EXT. DAMNATION ALLEY - DAY 131

Blocked by the Damned. They surge forward surrounding the Cruiser. Some reach in. Others try to tip it over. Several climb on top. Charlie backs out and turns off in a new direction.

132 EXT. INTERSECTION - HELL CITY - DAY 132

As the Cruiser power slides around a corner several of the Damned lose their grip and tumble to the ground. The Mob follows behind.

133 INT. CRUISER - STREET - HELL CITY - DAY 133

Rachel spots something familiar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
Turn up here. This is how I came.

CHARLIE
Are you sure?

RACHEL
Yes!

Charlie turns.

134 EXT. BONE ALLEY - DAY 134

Charlie jerks to a stop. The last of the Damned tumbles over the hood.

CHARLIE
It's a dead end.

RACHEL
It just looks that way. Go!

The Damned fill the alley behind them and start to close in.

CHARLIE
Are you sure?

RACHEL
Trust me.

As the Damned surround them, Charlie gives Rachel one last look and hits the gas. They hurtle at the wall. They're doing 60 when they reach it.

135 EXT. OUTER WALL OF HELL CITY - DAY 135

They pass through. Charlie hits the brakes and they slide to a stop. To their left, Mr. Ben stands about five feet from the worn depression watching calmly as Cerebus lunges at him, snapping the thick chain taut with each attempt.

Charlie opens the door and calls Ben. Ben bounds forward and leaps inside. Charlie slams the door and lays down a thirty foot stripe of rubber as he hauls it on out.

136 EXT. STYX RIVER BRIDGE - DAY 136

As the Cruiser approaches the end of the bridge, the steel spikes retract. The Cruiser rolls to a stop across from the Ford. Charlie, Rachel and Mr. Ben pile out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie slides two more shells into the shotgun and walks around to the front of the Cruiser. He sticks the shotgun's barrel through the front grill and FIRES both rounds into the engine. Green smoke and steam begin to pour out from under the hood. Charlie COUGHS as he steps away. His eyes water. It's like tear gas.

CHARLIE
Think that'll slow him down?

RACHEL
I don't know.

Everyone gets into the Ford and they tear out.

137 EXT. ON RAMP - ROUTE 6-66 WESTBOUND - DAY 137

The FORD whips onto and up the ramp.

138 EXT. ROUTE 6-66 WESTBOUND - DAY 138

The 13 eastbound lanes are choked in the worst traffic jam in history. However, there is only one car in the single westbound lane and that's the Ford. It screams past.

139 INT. FORD - ROUTE 6-66 - DAY 139

Charlie checks his dashboard readings.

DASHBOARD GAUGES

Oil pressure is strong. The temperature is climbing, but still in the safety range. The fuel gauge shows about 1/8 of a tank left. Speed is between 115 and 120 mph.

FORD

Rachel checks out the car for the first time. Blown out windows, bullet holes, smashed front and rear ends, etc..

RACHEL
So where'd you get the car? I think I like it.

CHARLIE
(smiles)
You wouldn't believe me, but... Well, maybe you would.

140 EXT. WEST BOUND HIGHWAY 61 - DAY 140

The Ford is stopped in the narrow, empty lane. Rachel stands by as Charlie drains the last of the 10 gallon spare into the Ford's gas tank through a funnel.

RACHEL
That's crazy.

CHARLIE
I know. I'm just telling you what Beezle told me. The Devil wants you because you're a virgin.

Rachel considers this information a moment. Charlie finishes, tosses the spare tank to the side of the road.

CHARLIE
Let's go.

They move to get back into the car. TRAFFIC rumbles by on the two eastbound lanes b.g.

Rachel bends down and picks something up. It's a rusty discarded HADES LICENCE PLATE. She holds it up to Charlie.

RACHEL
Hades. 18 to 4. I'm catching up.

Playing the license plate game now? Charlie shakes his head and gets back in the car. Rachel joins him.

141 INT. FORD - WESTBOUND HIGHWAY 61 - DAY 141

Charlie is about to turn the ignition when it hits him. The idea of a lifetime.

CHARLIE
That's it!

RACHEL
What?

CHARLIE
(enlightened)
If we made love, he wouldn't want you anymore.

RACHEL
You want to do it now? Here!?

Charlie nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL
You want our first time to be in a wrecked car on a highway in the middle of hell?!

CHARLIE
It makes sense.

RACHEL
Stop thinking and start driving.

CHARLIE
(sighs)
Okay. You ride shotgun.

Charlie breaks open the shotgun and pulls open the two spent casings. He opens the rag to reveal that there are THREE SHELLS remaining. He slides in two. He opens the ASHTRY an inch and wedges in the THIRD so that brass strike plate sticks out and the shell is handy for quick reloading.

Charlie hands Rachel the gun.

CHARLIE
There's one more stop to make. I got a promise to keep.

Charlie hits the gas and they're off and running.

142 EXT. HELLCOP'S CRUISER - STYX RIVER BRIDGE - DAY 142

TEN DWARF mechanics pour over Hellcop's Cruiser, making repairs. The hood is opened and several pairs of tiny legs stick out from inside.

Hellcop watches impassively, the Cruiser and the Dwarves reflected in his sunglasses.

One of the Dwarves steps over and starts explaining something about the Cruiser to Hellcop. The Dwarf speaks in a strange, seemingly unpronouncable tongue. Hellcop is tired of listening. He SWATS the Dwarf into oblivion.

Hellcop heads for the car. The remaining Dwarves run for their lives. Hellcop slams the hood shut and gets inside. He starts it up and is gone in an instant.

143 EXT. LOW ANGLE - WESTBOUND HIGHWAY 61 - DAY 143

The Ford approaches, whips past and disappears leaving the DUST to settle in its wake.

144 EXT. BEEZLE'S FALLEN ANGEL FILLING STATION - DAY 144

It's still there, but it looks permanently closed. The pumps are gone and the station windows are boarded over.

However, across the highway, a 13 floor BLACK TOWER OFFICE BUILDING has appeared out of nowhere. It certainly wasn't there earlier in the day when Beezle was fixing the Ford.

The building is ultra-modern and ominous looking. It seems deserted with the exception of a DOORMAN standing at the entrance. A bright red super-stretch LIMOUSINE is parked in front with a large ZOMBIE DRIVER standing stiffly by the open back door.

THE FORD

Pulls up at the service station. Charlie is surprised at the sight of the building. But it's obviously the place to go so he drives the Ford across the highway.

Charlie and Rachel get out of the car and start toward the entrance. Charlie carries the shotgun.

At the same time, the Doorman opens the door and Beezle exits with Adam. Beezle is dressed in what looks to be a $10,000 Italian suit. Adam wears a mini-suit just like it.

Beezle smiles when he sees Charlie. They stop, facing each other. Charlie becomes suddenly reluctant. Beezle's enlarging presence has taken the wind out of his sails.

BEEZLE
So you got her back. Good for you, Charlie. You're not a man I'll ever underestimate again. But do you think you can keep her?

Charlie fidgets with the shotgun, his eyes on Beezle.

CHARLIE
(deep breath)
Forever.

BEEZLE
Good.
(turns to Rachel)
Let me show you something, Rachel.

Beezle sweeps his hand back toward the building. The glass side panels shimmer into three dimensions and we are shown TWO VISIONS, side-by-side.

145 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 145

Rachel, barefoot and pregnant. At the stove stirring a pot of slop, holding a dirty two year old at her hip. A potbellied, sideburned Charlie crushes another beer can as he waits at the table for dinner. He belches and the baby begins crying.

146 INT. STAGE - CARNEGIE HALL - NIGHT 146

Rachel stretches out the final note of Bach's Concerto No. 2 for violin. It brings down the house. The APPLAUSE is tumultuous. The stage is quickly buried in ROSES. Rachel bows low, her face radiant.

147 EXT. BEEZLE'S FALLEN ANGEL FILLING STATION - DAY 147

The visions flicker and are gone. Rachel seems genuinely affected.

BEEZLE
You can stay and feel the adoration or you can go with Charlie. Which will it be?

Charlie starts to protest, but Beezle raises a restraining hand and he has no choice but to stop. Rachel looks from Beezle to Charlie and back to Beezle. Finally...

RACHEL
Neither.

A brief flicker of disappointment passes over Beezle.

RACHEL
It's my life. I'll decide what to do with it.

BEEZLE
Go then. Get out of here.

No one makes a move.

BEEZLE
(at a loss)
What are you waiting for? I'm afraid Hellcop, as you call him, is on his way. Even as we speak.

CHARLIE
I'm taking Adam with me, Beezle. He doesn't belong here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEEZLE
I thought we discussed this. He doesn't want to go. Remember?

Charlie looks at Adam. The boy looks frightened and hopeful at the same time.

CHARLIE
What do you say, Adam? We'll take you back to Cleveland. The Browns got a great team this year.

Adam looks from Charlie to Beezle. Beezle's eyes seem to bore right through him. He looks back at Charlie, unsure.

ADAM
I promised to stay, Charlie.

CHARLIE
And I promised to take you with me. Cross my heart, remember?

ADAM
(suddenly bold)
Okay, Charlie. I'll go with you.

Adam runs around behind Charlie, obviously afraid of what Beezle might do. Beezle's eyes smolder.

BEEZLE
But you're staying with me.

Beezle takes a step forward. Charlie levels the shotgun inches from Beezle's chest.

CHARLIE
He's coming with us.

BEEZLE
(low, menacing)
You don't know what you dare and you dare what you don't know. Do you think that your toys can harm me? ME!?

Beezle's face darkens and he seems to grow in size, becoming something cruel and majestic. The earth RUMBLES, bolts of blue LIGHTNING slam into the ground around them, the sky turns BLACK and a powerful WIND begins to blow.

Rachel grabs hold of Charlie and so does Adam. He never should have pointed that gun. He lowers it, sensing it could never harm Beezle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then, just as suddenly as it came, the storm passes. Beezle shrinks back down to normal proportions. He flashes his winning smile at Charlie.

BEEZLE
Sorry, but I don't like to be threatened. It makes it hard for me to control my temper.

CHARLIE
(scared)
Who are you?

BEEZLE
My friends call me Beezle. It's not as silly as Scratch, but it's much more personal than Satan or Lucifer. Don't you think?

Charlie tries to comprehend the magnitude of it all. He's standing here talking to Satan himself.

CHARLIE
I don't understand.

BEEZLE
You couldn't possibly.

CHARLIE
Why have you been helping me?

BEEZLE
Boredom. I like you, Charlie, but it was pure and simple boredom. You see, my friend, everything down here runs according to schedule. No variation, no deviation. Schedule. People die. They come here. I make them want to die again. But if they do, they go deeper into Hell and it only gets worse. It's more than tedious for me. Then I saw you coming in that sad old man's miserable jalopy. I thought you might provide a break from the monotony and you certainly have. You've earned your life and you can take it with you. But Adam, ahh, Adam's not a game. He's my special project and I have big plans for him. Just like I did for Adolph, Joseph and Napolean.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEEZLE (cont'd)
Adam'll go back to Cleveland. He's going to go a lot of places. When I send him.

CHARLIE
You want to be entertained? Give us Adam and when Hellcop gets here I'll race him to the exit out of this place. If we make it, we keep Adam.

BEEZLE
No thanks. I don't find that scenario particularly exciting. Come along, Adam.

RACHEL
But if we don't make it, you get all three of us.

Beezle's eyes flash. He studies Rachel. Charlie nods his agreement with what she's proposed.

BEEZLE
I brought you here to help with Adam's education. There are certain aspects that only a woman can provide. Perhaps now you still will. I wouldn't have anyone else. You're extraordinary. I don't know what we'll do with Charlie, but I'll figure something.
(to Charlie)
It's a bet. Follow me.

Beezle takes Adam by the hand and moves for the Limo. VRROOOM. Everyone looks over at the sound.

WHAT THEY SEE:

There, lined up two hundred yards away, are Royce and his Rollers. Royce throws his head back and lets loose with an eerie SCREAM. However, they remain where they are.

GROUP

Beezle looks over at Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEEZLE
Have you met Royce? He was a problem child from the moment he arrived. And Clara. She never did know what she wanted. But we learn from our mistakes. Even I do. You see, Charlie, Adam and Rachel weren't the first and they may not be the last, but they will be the best. I guarantee it.

148 EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY 148

The Limo cruises along followed closely by the Ford. The motorcycles follow about a quarter mile away.

149 INT. LIMO - RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY 149

Adam stares out the window trying to avoid Beezle's eyes. Beezle himself seems melancholy.

BEEZLE
We all want something that we can't have, Adam. Even I did once. But I've been good to you. I can't give you love, but I can give you other things. More important things. If you go I'll be all alone. You don't want that, do you?

ADAM
No.

Beezle smiles gratefully. Adam turns to face him.

ADAM
But I gotta go. Charlie needs someone to watch out for him. Sorry.

Adam turns away. Beezle's smile hardens into something cruel. He turns forward.

BEEZLE
We'll see. We'll see.

150 EXT. CROSSROADS - DAY 150

The same crossroads Charlie passed through earlier. The Hitch Hiker is still there. She watches as the Limo and the Ford pass down the third artery, through the intersection and down the dirt road. They are followed by Royce and the boys.

151 EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY 151

The Limo pulls off to the side of the road. The Ford stops right in the middle, engine IDLING. It faces West, toward the sun which is just about to set. Royce pulls up alongside the Ford. The rest of his gang hangs back.

Rachel and Clara exchange a look. I could have been you. You could have been me.

ROYCE
You really think he's going to let you go?

CHARLIE
Don't know.

ROYCE
He likes both of you too much. The dog he could probably do without.

CHARLIE
We'll see. It depends how I drive.

ROYCE
There isn't going to be any race. He'll trick you out of it. Trust me, Charlie, you're staying.

Royce backs off as Beezle approaches. Adam runs ahead. He climbs into the Ford and hops in back with Ben. Beezle stops by the driver's side and looks down at Charlie.

BEEZLE
It's five miles straight down the road to your exit point. If you can make it there, you're free. If he stops you, you're mine. It's agreed?

CHARLIE
Agreed.

Beezle extends his hand. Charlie hesitates a moment, but then shakes it. Beezle looks back over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEEZLE
Here he comes now.

Charlie follows his gaze.

WHAT THEY SEE:

Dust rising off the road. A vehicle, about a mile away. It closes on them rapidly.

ROYCE

He watches, his confusion turning to anger.

FORD

Beezle looks back at Charlie and smiles that smile.

BEEZLE
(mischievous)
You can go now, but suppose I offered to make you quarterback of the Rams. Would you give me Rachel and Adam in an even trade?

Charlie reaches down and produces his San Diego Chargers baseball cap. He puts it on.

CHARLIE
To tell you the truth, if you had said the Chargers I would've said yes. But you didn't. So go to hell.

Charlie nails it. If you could leave rubber on dirt he would have done it. The Ford hurtles away toward its destination five miles ahead.

Beezle watches him go. A big smile on his face.

BEEZLE
(laughing)
Bravo. Well said.

Beezle LAUGHS louder. And louder. The sound echoes up and down the road.

A pause and then Hellcop's Cruiser WHIPS by so fast that we almost don't see it pass through frame.

Beezle steps out into the road facing back the other way. Royce and the gang come roaring up to a stop. Royce is not a happy camper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROYCE
You let them go.

BEEZLE
They won't make it.

ROYCE
But you're giving them a fair shot at it! When am I going home?! When's my chance?!

CLARA
(forlorn)
We are home.

BEEZLE
True. Whether we like it or not.

ROYCE
NO!
(to Gang)
Kill him!

Beezle studies them. None of them meet his gaze. They simply REV UP, turn and ride away. Royce is a great guy, but Beezle is the Devil.

ROYCE
Come back! You owe me!
(resolved)
If I can't go, neither can Adam.

Royce takes off, riding a wheelie down the road after Charlie and Hellcop. HOLD ON Beezle as he watches the final tableau unfold.

152 EXT. DIRT ROAD (HELICOPTER'S POV) - DAY 152

The Ford still holds the lead, but Hellcop's Cruiser is closing fast, about a quarter of a mile away.

153 INT. FORD - DIRT ROAD - DAY 153

Charlie checks his mirror and looks ahead. Rachel clutches the seat. Adam looks back through the rear window.

ADAM
Here he comes, Charlie.

CHARLIE
I see him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie glances at the dash. The thermostat is red-lining, but everything else looks okay. The speedometer needle is at 120 mph and rising.

Charlie holds the shotgun in his lap.

154 EXT. DIRT ROAD (HELICOPTER'S POV) - DAY 154

As Royce comes even with the Cruiser, Hellcop points his revolver at him.

ROYCE
You owe me!

A pause and then Hellcop lowers the gun. Royce flies past the Cruiser and closes on the Ford.

155 INT. FORD - DIRT ROAD - DAY 155

Adam looks back, the vanguard.

ADAM
Uh oh. It's Royce. He doesn't like me too much.

The sword blade rips through the car's side, missing Adam's head by an inch. Charlie spins the wheel.

156 EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY 156

Royce bounces alongside the Ford, driving his sword through the body.

CLARA
No!

The sword slashes across the driver's side door.

CLARA
Enough!

Clara, tears streaming down her cheeks, reaches around Royce's neck in what amounts to a death hug. He tries to shake her off, but it's no use. He hits a bump and loses control.

THE MOTORCYCLE

Bounces end over end, finally EXPLODING into flames. Royce and Clara are broken apart like eggshells. Royce's blood mixes with Clara's dust.

157 EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY 157

The Cruiser comes up alongside the Ford's left rear fender. Hellcop jerks the wheel over giving the Ford a few healthy jolts.

158 INT. FORD - DIRT ROAD - DAY 158

Charlie checks his mirror and then the speedometer. 130mph. Another JOLT. Rachel and Adam hang on.

Charlie cocks back the twin hammers of the shotgun. Ready.

ADAM
Shoot him in the glasses, Charlie.

CHARLIE
What?

ADAM
If you break his glasses it'll kill him.

CHARLIE
Why didn't you tell me that before?

ADAM
Cause now I'm on your side.

Charlie picks the gun up with his right hand. He steers with the left. The Ford is jolted again. At that moment Charlie hits the brakes.

The Ford drops back with the Cruiser dead even to its left. The cars are only a few inches apart as Charlie sticks the shotgun through his window and into the Cruiser.

Hellcop has only an instant to react. As Charlie FIRES, Hellcop turns his head. The buckshot blows part of the back of it away. At the same time, Hellcop turns the wheel sharply. The Cruiser careens off the road.

159 EXT. DIRT ROAD (HELICOPTER'S POV) - DAY 159

The Cruiser runs parallel to the Ford, but about fifty yards off the side of the road. It was a brutal hit, but not enough to stop Hellcop.

The Cruiser bounces over the ground, picking up speed, pulling out ahead of the Ford.

160 INT. FORD - DIRT ROAD - DAY 160

They watch as the Cruiser pulls ahead.

RACHEL
What's he doing?

CHARLIE
I don't know, but I don't like the looks of it.

Charlie grinds the pedal into the floor. The speedometer reads an incredible 140mph, but the Cruiser is still putting distance between them.

ANGLE AHEAD

The sun has sunk halfway below the horizon. The sky is blood red.

161 EXT. DIRT ROAD (HELICOPTER'S POV) - DAY 161

The Cruiser whips back toward the road and hits it about thirty yards in front of the Ford. It stays like this a few moments and then...

THE CRUISER

Slams on its brakes hoping to stop the Ford from in front.

162 INT. FORD - DIRT ROAD - DAY 162

Charlie has only an instant to avoid a collision. He pulls the wheel hard to the left and slams his own brakes on at the same time.

He comes up with the Cruiser dead even on his right side.

CHARLIE
Duck!

Rachel ducks as Charlie fires through her window. However, this time he's off. The shot misses.

Hellcop drops the Cruiser back off the Ford's right rear fender.

Charlie, with the pommel wedged under his armpit, breaks open the barrel of the shotgun. He pulls out the spent casings and reaches for the third and final, still wedged in the ashtray.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Just as his fingers close around it, the Cruiser SLAMS into the right side of the Ford.

The shell slips between Charlie's fingers and DROPS to the floor of the Ford.

ANGLE ON FLOOR

The shell rolls back and forth.

FORD

Charlie glances down, but he's going much too fast to do any real looking.

CHARLIE
Get the shell. I dropped it on the floor.

Rachel leans down to get it.

163 EXT. DIRT ROAD (HELICOPTER'S POV) - DAY 163

Hellcop points his service revolver and starts FIRING indiscriminatly into the Ford.

164 INT. FORD - DIRT ROAD - DAY 164

Chaos. Bullets whiz in and out. Adam and Ben duck down. Rachel lays flat on the floor. Charlie scrunches his head down on his shoulders.

FLOOR

It's under the gas pedal. Rachel reaches for it, but it rolls back the other way.

165 EXT. DIRT ROAD (HELICOPTER'S POV) - DAY 165

Hellcop pumps five slugs into the Ford's side below the gas cap. GASOLINE begins pouring out of the holes. Hellcop's FIRES three more shots through the side window. He by far has the advantage.

166 INT. FORD - DIRT ROAD - DAY 166

Charlie, expecting to die at any moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
Where's the damn shell!

RACHEL
I think it rolled under the seat.

Rachel reaches under the seat, her head pressed against the side.

The Ford begins to lose power. Charlie checks the dash.

DASHBOARD

Thermometer in the red, gas gauge on empty, oil pressure and speed dropping rapidly.

SHOTGUN SHELL

Under the seat. Rachel's hand touches to the left, passes over it, and touches to the right.

FORD

Another VOLLEY rips through. The Ford is doing 70 mph and slowing fast.

ANGLE AHEAD

The sun is about to dip below the horizon. The exit point is visible. It's the BLACK VOID on the road ahead. A mile away, but it might as well be one hundred.

SPEDOMETER

40 mph and dropping.

FORD

Charlie can't do anything, but scream.

CHARLIE
Rachel! Now or never!

Charlie looks to his right. The Cruiser has pulled alongside the Ford. Hellcop has his revolver pointed right between Charlie's eyes. All Charlie can do now is to sit up straight and take it like a man.

FLOOR

Rachel gets down as low as she can to try and get a look under the seat.

REVERSE ANGLE - FLOOR

We see Rachel's RIGHT EYE drop into frame from above the edge of the seat.

WHAT RACHEL SEES:

The shell is nowhere in sight, but sunk-into and strapped to the floor are TWO large CANISTERS. One is marked NO2, Nitrous Oxide. The other is Methane. This is the mixture that powers top-fuel dragsters. Mounted between them is a block of wood with a blinking RED LIGHT and a TOGGLE SWITCH. This must be what Old Sam forgot to tell Charlie about.

RACHEL'S VOICE
There's a switch under here. I think I know what it is.

Her hand reaches in and flips the switch.

FORD

Charlie closes his eyes as Hellcop cocks back the trigger. Just as he FIRES, the FORD takes off like a rocket engine just ignited behind it. The shot misses by a mile.

167 EXT. DIRT ROAD (HELICOPTER'S POV) - DAY 167

The Ford hurtles down the road toward the exit point, leaving the Cruiser eating dust far behind.

168 INT. FORD - DIRT ROAD - DAY 168

Charlie's body is pushed back against the seat. He's experiencing G-forces.

The speedometer's needle is buried just past 160 mph.

169 EXT. OUT OF THIS WORLD POINT - DAY 169

The Ford hits a bump and goes airborne, a few feet above the ground. It enters into the black void and disappears. Sucked into the ectoplasm. The edge of the sun dips down below the horizon b.g.

170 EXT. JOSHUA TREE TWO - JOSHUA TREE ROAD - DAY 170

The State Policeman is behind the wheel of his police car, frozen in time, the same shocked expression on his face. In b.g. the first ray of the rising sun peeks over the horizon also frozen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is a strange BUZZING sound and then the Ford is spit out of thin air directly in front of the police car. The Ford seems to be coated with thick, jelly-like ECTOPLASM.

At that instant time unfreezes and the CHASE that seemed to be taking place so long ago resumes.

171 INT. FORD - JOSHUA TREE ROAD - DAY 171

Charlie jerks forward at the sudden drop in speed. He looks around, amazed to see that he's back where he started. No time has passed. It's like he never was gone. The only difference is that now he has Rachel and Adam in the car with him.

CHARLIE
Yeah!

Charlie begins to slow the Ford to a stop. Rachel, Adam and Mr. Ben pop up to see their new location. They join in the celebration.

Rachel hears the SIRENS behind and whips a look back.

CHARLIE
It's okay. That's the real police. I'm probably gonna be arrested and I'm definately gonna lose my license, but who cares!

Charlie pulls over. He and Rachel kiss. Adam hugs Ben.

172 EXT. JOSHUA TREE ROAD - DAY 172

The young State Policeman hops out of his car, service .38 drawn. He cautiously approaches pointing it at Charlie.

STATE POLICEMAN
(angry, nervous)
Outta the car, wise guy. Hands over your head.

Charlie gets out, hands raised. He looks across at this new threat and can't help, but LAUGH.

STATE POLICEMAN
You are in so much trouble. You wanna tell me what's so funny?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This makes Charlie LAUGH even harder. For the first time, the State Policeman notices the condition of Charlie's car. It's a wreck. That doesn't seem right.

STATE POLICEMAN
What the hell happened? It was cherry a second ago.

This statement almost drives Charlie into hysterics.

Suddenly, Mr. Ben begins to GROWL in the back. Low, but building. He sticks his head out the rear window and barks fiercly up the road from where they just came.

CHARLIE
(still laughing)
It's okay, boy. We made it.

But Ben won't let up. It's like he sees something that no one else can. Charlie stops laughing. He looks down the road to make sure everything's the way it should be.

WHAT CHARLIE SEES:

The road is deserted except for the Joshua Tree and the old wooden billboard. Suddenly, the air is split by a SONIC BOOM and Hellcop's Cruiser comes BLASTING through the billboard like it was shot through by a cannon. It slams onto the road sending up a shower of SPARKS.

JOSHUA TREE ROAD

The Cruiser slams on its BRAKES as it passes. It slides down the road sideways, igniting the asphalt into FLAMES. It slides several hundred feet and finally out of sight. The wall of FIRE obscures any visibility.

STATE POLICEMAN & CHARLIE

He's still pointing his gun at Charlie, but he's staring slack jawed at the flames. Charlie starts toward him.

CHARLIE
We gotta get out of here now.

The State Policeman wheels toward Charlie, both hands on his revolver.

STATE POLICEMAN
Not another step!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
(continues forward)
You don't understand.

STATE POLICEMAN
I will shoot! Now stay there.

CHARLIE
(stopping)
I know it sounds crazy, but he's from Hell. Look at the road. What kind of car does that?

The State Policeman glances back at the flames. Then, we hear the low gutteral GROWL of the Cruiser's engine.

WHAT THEY SEE:

Passing through the flames, vague at first, the Cruiser idling back through. Rolling toward them.

JOSHUA TREE ROAD

STATE POLICEMAN
(squinting)
Is that the Utah State Police?

The Cruiser stops. Hellcop gets out and begins walking toward them. He's a mess. His clothes are smoldering, the back of his head is missing, both cheeks are completely gone and his shoulder bones are exposed. Only the sunglasses are intact. In fact, they're not even scratched.

STATE POLICEMAN
Great god-a-mighty

Hellcop keeps coming. The State Policeman FIRES two shots into his chest. Hellcop doesn't even flinch. Hellcop backhands the State Policeman who travels about fifteen feet through the air before landing in an unconscious heap.

HELLCOP & CHARLIE

Charlie makes a wild grab for Hellcop's glasses, but Hellcop deflects it. Hellcop wraps his arms around Charlie and pulls him in, crushing him against his chest.

There's a SNARL and then Mr. Ben leaps INTO FRAME. Ferocious. He clamps his jaws around Hellcop's leg, pulling and tearing for all he's worth.

Hellcop drops Charlie. He reaches down, grabs Mr. Ben by the left front leg and flings him away. There's a sickening CRACK as the bone breaks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie is sprawled out on the ground. Hellcop goes down on one knee to finish the job. He takes hold of Charlie's neck and begins to slowly crush it.

CHARLIE'S RIGHT HAND

Reaching back on the ground, looking for something to hang onto. Finding it. A good sized ROCK.

CHARLIE & HELLCOP

With what strength Charlie has left, he smashes the rock into Hellcop's face.

SUNGLASSES

The left lense is spider-webbed with CRACKS, but it isn't broken. The cracks are outlined with brilliant white LIGHT.

CHARLIE & HELLCOP

Hellcop is not hurt. With his right hand around Charlie's neck, he wraps his left hand around Charlie's right which in turn is holding the rock. Hellcop squeezes, breaking the bones in Charlie's hand. Charlie's eyes scream, but no sound comes from his throat.

Hellcop stands, straddling Charlie's battered body. He draws his revolver and points it at Charlie. Set for the final kill.

A distinct CLICK is heard.

HELLCOP

Looks up from Charlie to see...

RACHEL

Five feet away, pointing the shotgun at his face.

SHOTGUN

As Rachel FIRES. Flames shooting out the end of the right barrel.

SUNGLASSES

Imploding. Completely shattered.

HELLCOP

Unmasked. Eyeless. Just two black holes. The same brilliant white light begins pouring out of the holes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hellcop covers his face, trying to hold the light in. He gets to his feet and staggers a few steps back. Shafts of light pour out from between his fingers.

His body begins to glow red, like he's burning from the inside out. Then yellow. Then white. It's blinding.

CHARLIE & RACHEL

Shielding their eyes.

Then, in an instant, Hellcop burns out. Nothing left, but a handful of ASH drifting to the ground. The only light now provided by the rising sun.

Charlie looks up at Rachel. She looks down at him. She breaks open the shotgun and pulls the smoking casing out of the right chamber.

RACHEL
I found it.

Charlie smiles. Rachel bends down and they embrace. Adam rushes over and embraces them both. Even Mr. Ben hobbles over walking on three legs. They pet him and keep hugging each other.

The sound of a TRUCK ENGINE. They all look up anxiously. An old WRECKER pulls up to the scene. The door opens and old SAM slowly climbs out. He starts limping over, very relieved to see them.

SAM
Damn glad to see ya both.
(seeing Adam)
You two, little fella, whoever you are. I know'd they'd need a wrecker out here one way er another. I'm plumb delighted it's thisaway.

CHARLIE
So are we.

Sam gestures over at Hellcop's ashes.

SAM
So did he give you much trouble?

CHARLIE
Some.

Sam smiles what is probably his first smile in fifty years. The smile fades a bit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM
Didn't hear tell any of Clara, did ya?

Charlie looks from Rachel to Sam. There's no point in telling him.

CHARLIE
No. Not a word.

Sam considers this.

SAM
Just as well I s'pose. Still, damn glad to see ya.

CHARLIE & RACHEL

They kiss again, happy to have each other back.

173 INT. ESCALATOR - SAN DIEGO AIRPORT - DAY 173

Charlie and Rachel ride up INTO FRAME. Rachel carries her violin case in one hand and her British Airways TICKET in the other. Charlie has her knapsack over his shoulder. His right hand is in a CAST and he wears his Chargers CAP. They reach the top and start walking down...

174 INT. CONCOURSE - AIRPORT - DAY 174

Gates 27-31 are up ahead.

CHARLIE
I got a postcard from Adam this morning.

RACHEL
So did I.

CHARLIE
He says he loves his Aunt and Uncle and they're treating him real good.

RACHEL
He said I should give you a hug and Ben a pat for him.

Charlie stops and holds his hands up. In b.g. we see a large CROWD around GATE 22. A flight is boarding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
Well?

Rachel hugs him. Hard. Then they kiss. With passion we haven't seen before.

RACHEL
Last night was great.

CHARLIE
No regrets?

RACHEL
Just that we didn't have time to do it again this morning.

P.A. ANNOUNCER
This is the final call for British Airways Flight 272 with service to London and Glasgow now boarding at gate 22.

Charlie looks over his shoulder at the gate.

CHARLIE
I guess that's you.

RACHEL
I guess so. I miss you already, Charlie. I can hardly wait for Christmas.

CHARLIE
Maybe I'll have that sushi pizza perfected by then. Listen, you better get going.

They head over to the gate. Charlie puts his Chargers cap on Rachel. He gestures to the violin case.

CHARLIE
Knock 'em dead in London, Rache.

RACHEL
You know it.

Rachel slips off her charm bracelet and hands it to Charlie.

RACHEL
Here. You're a lot better at taking care of it then I am.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They kiss one last time. Charlie hands Rachel her knapsack. She turns in her ticket and starts down the boarding chute. She turns, waves and then disappears around the corner.

Charlie goes over to a window to get a look at the plane.

SQUEEK. SQUEEK. SQUEEK. Charlie looks back for the source of the sound.

Across the Concourse an old JANITOR pushing a BUCKET & MOP past the RESTROOMS.

Charlie turns back to the plane. A moment goes by before Charlie realizes something. He wheels around.

The Old Janitor is the same one we saw at Hell City Hall. He disappears around a corner.

MOVE WITH CHARLIE as he gives chase. He runs across the concourse, turns the corner and then stops.

175 INT. SECOND CONCOURSE - AIRPORT - DAY 175

There are several TRAVELERS, but no sign of the old Janitor. Charlie moves forward, still looking.

176 INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - AIRPORT - DAY 176

CLOSE ANGLES. The bucket and mop pushed inside. A pair of coveralls hung on a hook. A hand pulls out a CAPTAIN'S HAT.

177 INT. GATE 22 - AIRPORT - DAY 177

From behind we see the PILOT as he heads down the boarding shute.

A few seconds pass and Charlie returns to the window, still not sure what he has seen. Suddenly, Charlie's eyes go wide at what he's looking at now.

COCKPIT

The pilot settles in behind the controls. It's Beezle! He looks up toward Charlie and tips his cap. The movie's over, but not the story. Watch for a sequel if the film makes enough money.

FREEZE FRAME

ROLL END CREDITS

THE END